How Rupert sold Sam☐Truscott on Presley
ESP wards off evil☐Steve Martin just wants a laugh

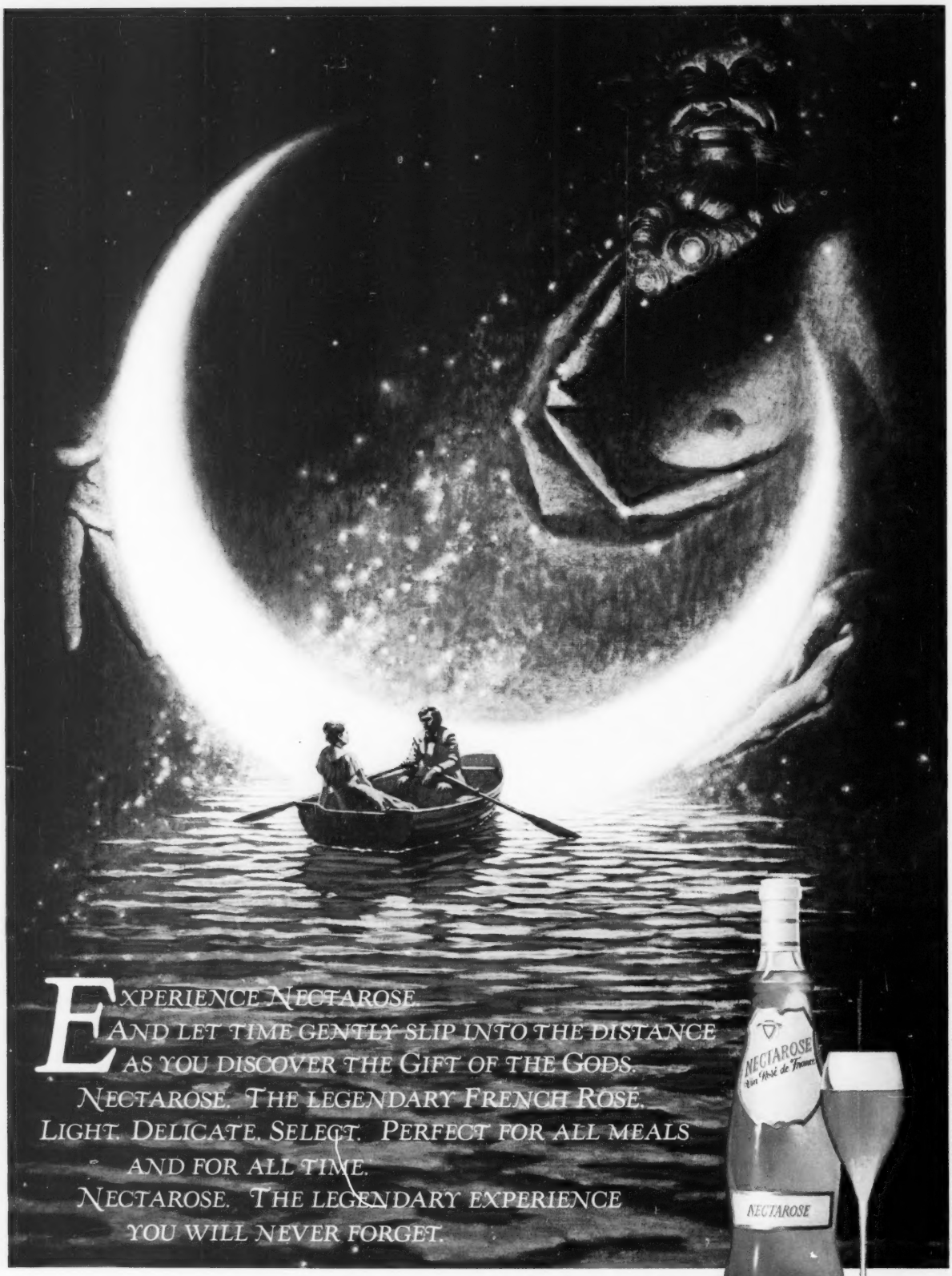
Why Bert Lance should resign
by Robert Shrum

SEPTEMBER 2, 1977 $1.00
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NewTimes

SKINVISION:
ABC'S "SOAP" UPS THE PRIME TIME ANTE

BY ARTHUR LUBOW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After people learn what we've done, no one will heckle our speakers.

We're as close to the impossible as possible.

Our new speakers color sound.

Anybody's do.

Should they tell you otherwise, they speak with forked frequency response.

We at Sony developed our new speaker line with this grim reality in mind.

Our goal was to create speakers with a minimum of coloration. With a frequency response flat and wide. With low distortion. And with repeatability. Which means that each speaker we turn out will sound like the one before and the one after.

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But it would hardly change the frequency response—or any other measurements.

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That's why we labored for three years to bring you our speakers. While other manufacturers rushed frantically to market with theirs.

We keep the whole world in our hands.

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We're confident that the results of our three year effort will be clear after three minutes of listening.

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The SSU-3000 and SSU-4000.
Great speakers like these deserve an audience.

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SEPTEMBER 2, 1977
VOLUME 9, NUMBER 5

NewTimes

Bert Lance: Jimmy's bad risk

Lance supporters in Atlanta say the evidence against him doesn't add up; but Bert Lance has always had trouble with arithmetic. Is this the Carter Administration's first big scandal?

By Robert Shrum
Page 20

SOAP hits the fan

ABC has glommed onto its first success formula in years. Now the same folks who brought us Violence (*Starsky and Hutch*) and Sex and Violence (*Charlie's Angels*) are banking on Sex (*SOAP*) Will the other networks discover there's bazoom at the top?

By Arthur Lubow
Page 28

COVER
PHOTOGRAPH BY RON DE MILT

ESP goes straight

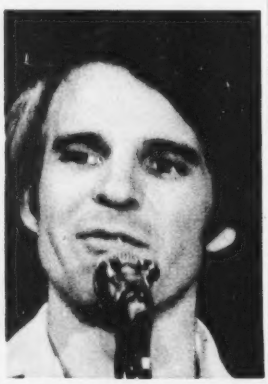
Psychic research in the U.S. has never received the support it has in Russia. However, the Defense Department recently has been wondering why Johnny can't buzz. Will ESP be the secret weapon in the next cold war?

By David Black
Page 42

The three-piece comedy of Steve Martin

People say Steve Martin has been getting really big Martin claims he'd rather get "really small." What is a former writer for the *Sonny & Cher Show* doing wowing *Saturday Night* audiences? "Well, excuuuuse me!"

By Kathy Lowry
Page 54



Anthropomania

Janet Belden Beyda thinks you are what you pet. Will sociobiology prove her correct?

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Music: Jimmy Buffett isn't wastin' away any more
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By Penelope Ross
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Final Tribute
Elvis Presley's deep-fried demise.
By Lucian K. Truscott IV
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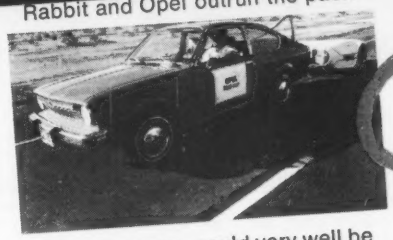
ALL EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE should be directed to NEW TIMES, One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016.

Opel, with the biggest engine (1800cc) of all five cars, showed 27 miles per gallon* (based on EPA combined estimates: 55% city/45% highway). But it wasn't good enough.

Opel's bigger gas tank helped it do well when we measured Range (or how far a car can go on a full tank of gas), but not as well as Subaru and Toyota, who tied for first. And when we compared recommended maintenance schedules for 37,500 miles of normal driving, Opel (8 recommended visits) finished behind Rabbit (6 visits), and Datsun and Toyota (7 each).

All of which adds up to a first-place tie between Toyota and Datsun, with Opel—ahem—bringing up the rear, and dropping to third overall after three showdowns. As we said, this was not our favorite event.

Rabbit and Opel outrun the pack.



This, however, could very well be our favorite event. Because the first thing most people want to know about any car is, "What'll she do?"

How fast does it accelerate? How's it corner? How sensitive is the steering? And—for Opel—the answer to all of these questions is, "Quite well, thank you."

So well, in fact, that our surprising little Opel was barely nosed out by a car much ballyhooed for its prowess

and (2) calculating the resultant circle diameter (per 100 degree steering wheel angle @ 30 mph).

AND THE WINNER IS...

Let's put it this way: we didn't win. Well, alright, if you insist, we'll put it this way: Rabbit won.

But not by much. As you can see in the final point totals, the VW only beat our Opel by three points (with Calif. emission equipped cars: four points). And Opel did finish ahead of three highly regarded opponents in the areas we tested.

So if the point of this whole 5-Car Showdown was to convince you that our Opel could hold its own against better-established competitors . . . that Opel should definitely be considered when you wander out to shop . . . well, we think we've made it.

Results will vary in California.

THE BUICK OPEL 5-CAR SHOWDOWN.

GENERAL MOTORS NAMES RABBIT BEST OF FIVE ECONOMY CARS TESTED.

When General Motors comes right out there and says the Volkswagen Rabbit is the best car they tested, it must be true.

They're the biggest car company in the world, so they ought to know.

Of the five cars GM tested, the Rabbit got the highest possible scores in all of these important categories:

1) Most interior room
2) Biggest trunk capacity
3) Least interior noise
4) Fewest needed maintenance stops
5) Best acceleration
6) Best hill climbing power
7) Best steering quickness

In short, the Rabbit won for just about every last thing you'd want a car to do: to hold lots of people and things, to go quietly like the wind, to handle superbly and to not need a lot of fussing over.

All in all, there is hardly anything you can ask of a car that the Rabbit can't deliver.

We are grateful to General Motors for proving what we suspected all along.

It takes a very big company to admit publicly that our car is better than their car.

And we want to take this opportunity to thank them publicly for saying so.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

Letters

Tennis, anyone?

The World Coalition for Human Rights has been making every effort through petitions and appeals for the immediate release of Americans in Mexican jails. These young Americans, despite your article ("Good time in a Mexican jail," July 8), have suffered many human rights violations—regardless of improved conditions in the past year.

The reporters, Wolin and Lyne, through their warped investigation, found that only 20 out of 600 prisoners preferred life inside a Mexican prison, to the extent of extolling its virtues. The overall aspect of the article is, at best, callous. It had a most damaging view of reality: all the television, improved tennis games and other petty luxuries in Mexico's prisons cannot be substituted for injustice.

Florence Yobst, Director – Boston
World Coalition for Human Rights
Boston, Massachusetts

Americans are being punished in Mexican prisons according to how much money they have. If they are wealthy, they can buy a comfortable punishment. What could be a better way to teach them how to get along in American society when they get out?

David Goeringer
Boyden, Iowa

Unfortunately, your article says nothing for the 600 Americans whose basic human rights have been violated and denied by a corrupt judicial system. It is true that if you have the means, a civilized way of life can be obtained south of the border. Yet I know no one who receives up to $400 a month to live in the prisons. Moreover, given the choice, I'm quite certain the majority of Americans would gladly exchange it for their homeland.

R.T. Richards
Jalisco State Penitentiary
Guadalajara, Mexico

I found it refreshing to finally read an intelligent and accurate report about conditions in Mexican prisons, instead of the usual elitist diatribes and racist "exposés" lamenting the horrible and uncomfortable predicaments of American youth in Mexican jails.

I am neither a proponent of torture or repressive regimes; and, I am certain there are many unscrupulous and unethical law enforcement officers in Mexico. Armed with plenty of Dad's money and an "adventurous" spirit these young American gadabouts openly flaunt Mexican law and belittle the Mexican people.

I used to spend an occasional Saturday afternoon visiting with the inmates of the Penitenciaria del Estado de Morelos and I was always a little taken aback by the conditions; it was hard to tell the prisoners from the guards.

Pedro Marc Guerrero
Hayward, California

Fertilizing thoughts

Abby Rockefeller is truly the entrepreneur of effluvia ("Composting the Sixties," August 5).

I also think that we've gleaned a new psychotype from the trenches of Freud; might not this revolutionary philosophy be rightly called "anal-discursive?" If it wasn't for "dust to dust," we'd all have to find the hilarity in being reborn.

Arthur Lubow, you've done a great story.

John David Murphy
San Jose, California

Neutron fallout

Well, it looks like back to the drawing board—and this time get it right ("The Neutron Bomb," August 5). Science and technology have devised a bomb that will leave material things standing, and only eliminate people and other animals. Now they should reverse their thinking and devise a warhead that will eliminate *only* things.

Jeanne Burns
Columbus, Ohio

Robert Sam Anson's article implies that I was on the Hill as a member of the defense lobby supporting the neutron bomb. Nothing of the kind ever occurred, nor have I ever lobbied in support of a neutron bomb. I suspect that one of your keen-eyed reporters may have seen me on the Hill and, therefore, assumed that I could only be there for one purpose.

Evidently a great deal of fine research went into Bob Anson's piece. It is regrettable that the times in which we live seem to force journalism into zany language which invites imprecision.

While Donald Neff is certainly to be saluted for his otherwise balanced and analytical reporting of the defense scene in "This Side of Doomsday" (August 5), he, as many others, would benefit somewhat from a solid course in the history of disarmament and arms-control efforts. It is not arms races *per se* that are dangerous but the failure to stay the course when one is clearly threatened that invites that which mankind would prevent. How many world wars will it take in order to institutionalize the lessons of history?

George J. Keegan, Jr.
Major General, USAF (Ret)
Executive Vice President
U.S. Strategic Institute
Washington, D.C.

Your article on the neutron warhead really clarified its capabilities and purpose—to the extent that I am now more convinced than ever the United States needs such a weapon. Deployment of the neutron bomb would deter the Soviet Union from doubting the freedom of our European allies. What good is talk about human rights if we can't guarantee our security and our allies?

Lee Chriss
Tucson, Arizona

Look-out below

As an air traffic controller at the Indianapolis Air Route Traffic Control Center for the past seven years, I would like to commend David Martindale for his article, "Out of Control" (August 5). His story about our unique profession was both comprehensive and compassionate. I'm only sorry that more attention was not paid to the en route controllers. There's a whole lot of air space and traffic between airports, and we handle it. Our jobs are at least as stressful as the tower and approach controllers'.

David A. Kenny
Indianapolis, Indiana

The devil made us do it

Richard Corliss thinks that Visconti's film *Conversation Piece* shifts "from a comedy of manners to a meditation on mortality"—not "morality," as we printed, thanks to a typographical error, in our August 5 movie column. Richard assures us he is more afraid of morality than of death.

The people at *New Times* would like to hear from you. Please write to Letters, New Times, One Park Avenue, New York, NY 10016. Letters are edited for space and clarity.

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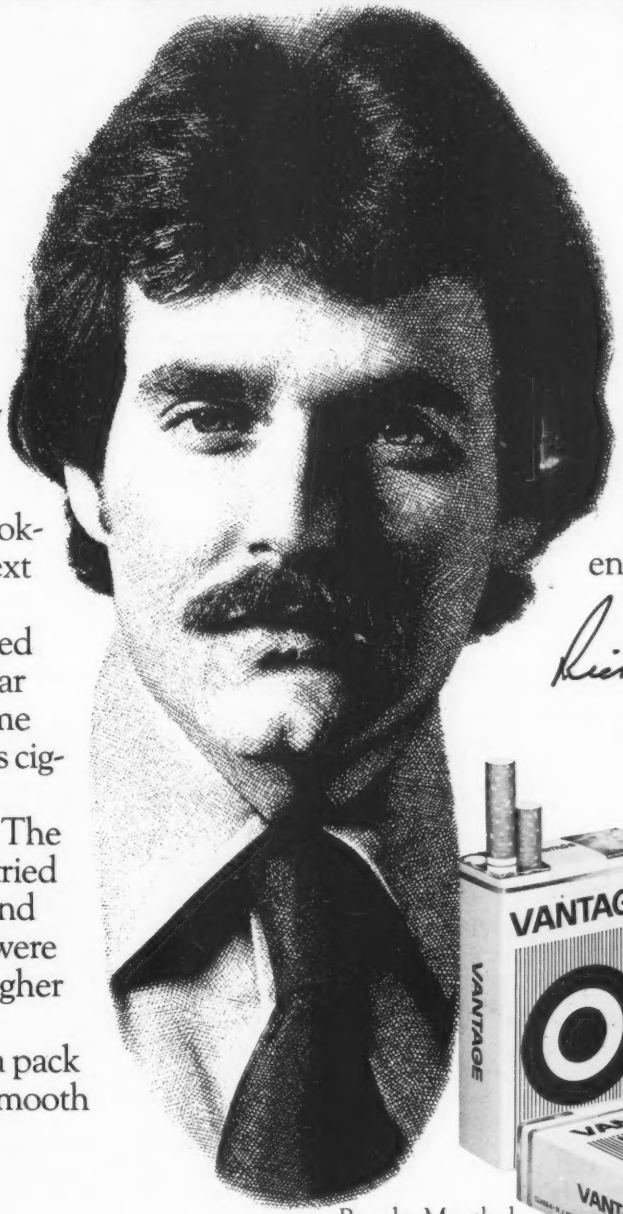
"Vantage is changing a lot of my feelings about smoking."



"I like to smoke, and what I like is a cigarette that isn't timid on taste. But I'm not living in some ivory tower. I hear the things being said against high-tar smoking as well as the next guy.

"And so I started looking. For a low-tar smoke that had some honest-to-goodness cigarette taste.

"It wasn't easy. The low-tar cigarettes I tried tasted like chalk. And high-tar cigarettes were starting to taste rougher as I went along.

"Then I tried a pack of Vantage. It was smooth yet it had taste. And a lot less tar than what I'd been smoking.

"As far as I'm concerned, when I switched to Vantage, I changed to a cigarette I could enjoy."

Rick Lawrence

Rick Lawrence
Metairie, Louisiana

Regular, Menthol, and Vantage 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76;
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Media/By Peter W. Kaplan and Paul Slansky

Rupert Murdoch's favorite Son

Rupert Murdoch was waiting. The publisher of the New York *Post* was grooming his troops through the summer before mounting his autumn circulation assault on the rival *Daily News*. Summer readership was always low; fall would tell the story of whether Murdoch could really make it in New York. Then along came the Son of Sam.

The timing could have been better for Murdoch's offensive; the story couldn't have been. Having fired the *Post*'s editor, Edwin Bolwell, and not yet having installed Roger Wood, his Australian hit-man, Murdoch moved into the newsroom himself and took control of the story. "Rupert was obsessed that the intellectuals would take him apart for overdoing this story," says one *Post* reporter. "But it was his and he knew it would make him in the city." "This paper exercised no boundaries for a month," another *Post* staffer disgustedly told *New Times*. "No hints of taste, decorum or responsibility." With huge headlines, sometimes underlined, sometimes white on nightmarish black, the paper's front pages grew more and more fevered. The *Daily News* slugged back, chiefly through Jimmy Breslin's and Pete Hamill's columns. (Breslin's correspondence with the killer led to a reported $150,000 contract from Viking for a novel, to be co-written with Dick Schaap. Hamill's prose was purple and sticky enough to have have been written in Welchade.)

Still, the *Post* made the *News* look like *Our Sunday Visitor*: "NO ONE IS SAFE FROM THE SON OF SAM!" it howled on August 1, after Stacy Moskowitz was shot to death. For more than two weeks the story never left the front page, whether or not there was anything new to report.

"Rupert would get *very* disturbed if the *News* had anything that we didn't," says a *Post* writer who covered the story. "We knew we had to come up with solid stuff if we didn't want him to just make something up." When the story began slowing down a few days after the last killing, Murdoch upped the voltage.

"Rupert had the story about the mob getting ready to track Sam down and held it in-house," the *Post* writer continues. "When he didn't have anything new for August 4 [a slow day between the last murder and the capture], Rupert ordered it onto page one. Then he decided that wasn't enough, so at four a.m. he invented the Open Letter to the killer." (Breslin and Hamill had already made similar pitches for a *News* surrender; only the *Times* apparently didn't want people to think Sam was one of their readers.)

The city fell into the rhythm. Abbadon, a New York rock group, released a single called "The .44-Caliber Killer." ("He walks the streets late at night/He's got a gun in his hand. . . .") In Central Park, Son of Sam T-shirts were hustled like hotdogs; they bore the second of three progressively less accurate police sketches of the killer, with the civic statement, "Get Him Before He Gets You."

All three networks were making plans for specials or mini-series about the case. (None would be called "Son of Sam" or "The .44-Caliber Killer," since both of these titles had already been copyrighted for upcoming feature films.) At Elaine's, agents and publishers speculated about how much the killer might be worth. On the *Post*'s Page Six, to the embarrassment of virtually every *Post* staffer, Murdoch chided the *Times* for not giving Sam the proper treatment: "The *Times*' idea of 'on-the-spot' and 'dramatic' coverage was to begin the story on Page One—and relegate the bulk of the copy . . . to the back of lowly Section D, 73 pages away."

Pudgy, smiling like a demented cherub, David Berkowitz, aka Son of Sam, was captured because of a parking ticket. "CAUGHT!" screamed the *Post* in a red-ink headline. The *News*, more restrained, called Berkowitz a "suspect." One *Post* reporter was told to find Berkowitz' father, Nathan, start at "a few thousand" and go up to $25,000 for exclusive rights to his "story." Nathan, however, didn't bite, and the *Post* was reduced to printing the ravings of some of Sam's victims' friends: "I wanna feel the guy's blood," one victim's boyfriend was quoted as saying. "I want him to know he would be dying by my hands . . . I want to eat . . . yeah, eat the guy with my mouth." But the headline of a *Post* column more accurately reflected the paper's reaction to Berkowitz: "Satanic figure really just a 'nerd.'"

The *Post* sold a million copies of its August 11 Capture Day paper, almost double its normal circulation, and it wasn't about to let the story go. Luckily, Philip Peltz had been named as Berkowitz' attorney.

Peltz was a shyster, a crooked lawyer who'd served time in Allenwood for providing prostitutes to a federal employee. The *Post* had helped Peltz in the past, keeping his name out of the paper, saving his hide. Now it was time for a return gesture. "We started the ball rolling with Peltz," says a *Post* reporter. "We were in his office from the moment he was named. We told him we could help him with money, that he should get us in there with Berkowitz or, failing that, go in himself and get an interview for us. Then Peltz got greedy. He came back with tapes and told us he wanted $100,000 for them." The *Post* told Peltz to take a walk, and when his attempts to peddle the tapes elsewhere led to the story's exposure, the *Post* reported it with noble deadpan: "They [Peltz and an associate] offered to sell the *Post* serialization and book rights . . . for $100,000 . . . . The *Post* and *Daily News* refused the offer."

"You know what they had ready for the front page the day Berkowitz was caught?" said a *Post* reporter. "Murdoch spent a fortune getting makeup men to come in and work on a copy-boy. When they'd finished, the kid looked just like the latest police sketches of the killer. They gave him a gun and had him point it straight at the camera. It was really terrifying." (The picture ran on the cover of that week's *New York* magazine.)

"We paid witnesses to tell us what happened exclusively, and when we couldn't get exactly what we needed, we made it up. It's like what Murdoch does in the *Star*. He makes up whole stories, throwing in 'old friends' and 'witnesses' to say what he wants said. I'm supposed to come up with something new on Sam tonight. I don't know where I'll start. I'm sick of the whole story. I feel pretty slimy." ●

Inquiring Photographer

BY JON BOWERMASTER

THE QUESTION

After a long chase, the Son of Sam has finally been apprehended. How has his capture affected business at your newsstand?

THE ANSWERS

Michaels

Wag

Morris Michaels, Manhattan: "Business has been treeemendous. Yesterday I sold four times as many papers as usual, 600 compared to 150. In my 60 years, the only days to rival yesterday's sales were the end of World War II, or maybe the Hindenburg."

Tom Wag, Bronx: "My candystore's business dropped with Son-Sam on the loose, but my newspapers sold great. I always sell a lot of papers after a murder, people love to read about a good murder."

Wilson

Sarna

Ray Wilson, Queens: "People are buying papers who have never bought them before in their lives. Personally, I think all media, not just newspapers, perpetuate this Sam stuff—another example of news generating the event."

Steven Sarna, Manhattan: "I sold 12,000 papers the day Sam was caught. I heard that publicity was like an orgasm for him. People are coming out of the woodwork to buy papers, people who don't even know how much a paper costs."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERRY HOURIGAN

Blue Maguey cactus hearts ripe and ready for distilling at Tequila Cuervo's La Rojeña plant.

Since 1795 Cuervo Gold has been made in only one way. And in only one place.

In Tequila. Where the pampered Blue Maguey plant still flourishes amidst the rich, volcanic soil and perfect climate as it has since 1795.

Where over 182 years of tradition is still a way of life.

This is what makes Cuervo Gold special. Versatile and adaptable. Neat, on the rocks, with a splash of soda, in a perfect Sunrise or Margarita, Cuervo Gold will bring you back to a time when quality ruled the world.

Cuervo.
The Gold standard since 1795.

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Energy/By James M. Martin

A million-barrel-a-day engine of invention

Next time you chow down on a Big Mac, a Quarter Pounder or an Egg McMuffin, consider this: Behind the golden arches of every McDonald's franchise, as many as 100 electric motors whir and churn day-in, day-out to bring you such gourmet delights. Think about how much fossil fuel oil all those motors are slurping up in the form of alternating current—and bear in mind that the franchise you're sitting in is but one of 4,200 in the corporation's ubiquitous chain.

Cravens L. Wanlass of Tustin, California, was thinking about such matters years before the words "energy crisis" became a household epithet. Wanlass isn't an ecologist. He's a research scientist. He says that "any good researcher or engineer who was being honest could see the energy crisis coming as early as 1965." Unlike most in his field, Wanlass wanted to do something about it.

So he quit a lucrative job, invested his life savings and began to devote all his time to his project, often working as long as 20 hours a day. In April, he revealed the fruit of his endeavor: the revolutionary "Wanlass Controlled Torque Motor," which, if adopted nationwide, could save more than a million barrels of oil a day.

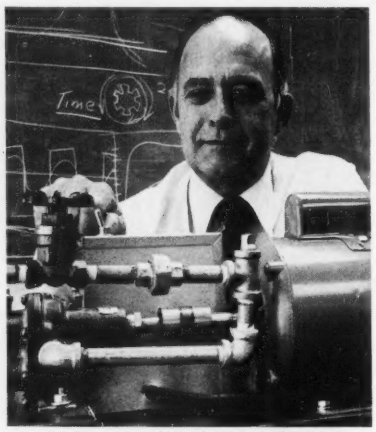
"I had to get into an area of research which made sense for the amount of money I had," he recalls. "I couldn't have gone into atomic fusion or some other exotic area that would take lots of people and lots of money. But I thought, maybe you can work on the more mundane items and do something to improve efficiency."

The "mundane" AC induction motor, essentially unchanged since Nikola Tesla invented it in 1892, is a fuel slop hog. Sixty-four percent of all electric energy generated in this country goes into powering such motors, some 500 million of them. (Fifty million were manufactured in 1972 alone.) These motors drained more than a thousand *billion* kilowatt hours of electricity in 1972—and an entire barrel of oil provides a mere 600 kilowatt hours.

Nevertheless, Wanlass winces when it is suggested that dire necessity was the mother of his invention. "My motor has many benefits other than the obvious one of saving energy. It should have longer life because it runs cooler, with less vibration. It may be less expensive to manufacture. It can stand very wide voltage variations on the input line. It's much less critical to the design—you can be very sloppy in the design and still have a good motor."

Wanlass built his prototype from existing motor parts. All electric motors consist of a rotor and a stator, the revolving and fixed parts, respectively. Wanlass found a new way of winding and connecting the wires of the stator. Also, he created an "energy storage device" that much more efficiently transforms electrical energy into mechanical, motorized energy.

Says who? Well, Southern California Edison for one. Edison has no



Revolutionary: Wanlass and motor

proprietary interest in Wanlass' motor, but it *does* have an interest in conserving fuel. In independent tests, Edison found that the Wanlass motor reduced electricity consumption by 10–18 percent. Edison was pleased. So was California's Public Utilities Commission. Both were so pleased, in fact, that they took the unusual step of jointly sponsoring the April 25 Los Angeles press conference at which Wanlass first announced his new motor.

Wanlass, a dry no-nonsense man of 51, is ruffled by the notion that researchers "stumble onto" their discoveries: "I worked a long time on my motor. It wasn't an obvious thing at all. It's a very complex, theoretical problem." Wanlass actually is uncomfortable with the very word "inventor." He believes that the movies have "over-produced" the inventor-as-monomaniacal-genius-cum-nutcase. "I'm not even absent-minded," says Wanlass. "Neither was Edison. He worked so hard in his workshop that they made him look stupid by saying he took 'little naps.' Well, of course he took little naps. That's all he had time for."

Obviously, Wanlass stands to make a fortune. He sees the conversion to Controlled Torque happening quite quickly, mainly because old motors can be retrofitted using existing equipment. Already he has moved into a swank suite of stylish offices in a new wood-and-glass, one-story building in Orange County, California. Parked outside is a new commercial van with side panels proclaiming it the property of the Cravens Wanlass Corporation, of which Wanlass is president.

Will success spoil Cravens Wanlass? Probably not. "If somebody offered me a hundred million dollars to do something that I didn't want to do," he says, "I'd refuse." Considering that remark for a moment, he adds: "Well, that might be too big a price. Let's say ten million."

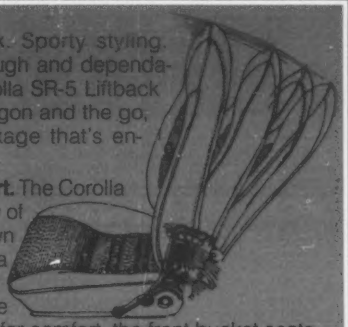
For a few years, at least, he wants to work on improvements in his motor design and to explore various applications, the most promising of which is for an electric automobile. "There's no question that the electric car is going to be an important thing of the future. They're working on the battery problem, and if we could work together on the motor problem, then we'll have a practical electric car and our motor will make it a reality."

At the end of each working day, Cravens Wanlass leaves his office and heads for his nearly-all-electric home. There are 43 motors there, driving air conditioners, pool pumps and cleaners, ventilators, garbage disposal, washer, dryer, refrigerator, freezer, and so on. The figure, 43, doesn't even include the family's "plug-ins"—small appliances like hair dryers and blenders. Wanlass is well aware that the many motors in his house contribute to the annual 7.7 percent energy-consumption growth rate. But he consoles himself with the thought that widespread use of the Controlled Torque motor will slow or at least check that rate.●

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR ADAMS

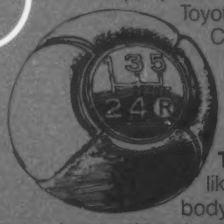
SPORTS CARGO GO GO

The Toyota Corolla SR-5 Liftback. Sporty styling. Wagon cargo room. Built Toyota tough and dependable to go and go and go. The Corolla SR-5 Liftback combines the convenience of a wagon and the go, go, go, of ■ sports car in a package that's engineered to last ■ long time.



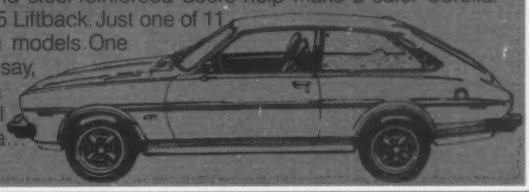
Lots of room for cargo and comfort. The Corolla SR-5 Liftback is ■ study in efficiency of space. Flip up the liftback, flip down the rear seat and the cargo area more than doubles. Or fold down only half of the rear seat and use the other half for ■ passenger. And just for comfort, the front bucket seats are reclinable.

Lots of performance. Lots of no extra-cost equipment. The Toyota 1.6 liter power plant, coupled to a 5-speed overdrive transmission, delivers super performance—the combination of acceleration, traditional Toyota reliability, and economy of operation. Driving ■ Corolla is fun. You move along the highway, or through the back roads with MacPherson strut front suspension and steel-belted radials. With power assisted front disc brakes to help give precise, even braking when you need it.



The going keeps going. The Corolla SR-5 Liftback, like all Toyotas, is built to endure. Welded unitized-body construction helps keep the Corolla tight. Transistorized ignition helps keep maintenance costs down and insure reliable starting. And steel-reinforced doors help make a safer Corolla.

The Corolla SR-5 Liftback. Just one of 11 different Corolla models. One reason why we say, "If you can find a better built small car than a Toyota... buy it."



YOU GOT IT.

THE COROLLA SR-5 LIFTBACK TOYOTA

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Decriminalizing the Whopper/Mind Control at the CIA

The Insider

Bob Dole Annoints Himself

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHELLY KATZ/BLACK STAR

Dole: Stephen Douglas sleeps tight

Senator Robert Dole of Kansas is preparing a race for the 1980 Republican presidential nomination. The man who is often accused of dragging President Ford to post-incumbency is openly discussing the possibility with Republican operatives and is hitting the Republican fundraising circuit hard. In the Senate, he has assumed a prominent role as a conservative foreign policy spokesman, and, in his party, he is gearing his thrust toward the far right. He won't run if Ronald Reagan does. The party is by no means blackballing Dole, but the initial response is definitely conditional: "I guess he'd be an OK nominee," says one moderate party leader, "if he promised not to debate."

Plastic pals

Pat Caddell and Gerald Rafshoon, who've between them put together deals promoting blue movies and *Apocalypse Now*, have put together a new package for themselves. A consortium of bank executives, meeting recently in Denver, agreed to pay President Carter's pollster Caddell for surveys on public attitudes toward electronic funds transfer—that is, "checkless banking," which would assign the use of plastic debit cards to pay bills. Inserted into an electronic terminal and connected to a central computer, the cards will charge the account automatically for the customers' purchases.

The bankers will pay Caddell $150,000 for testing public response to the system. They will then hire Rafshoon, who shares Caddell's Washington offices, to produce the television campaign hyping checkless banking.

Politics

Rizzophrenia: Philadelphia yields to Free Parking in Atlantic City

Frank Rizzo will probably be out of office in Philadelphia next year, headed for a more natural habitat—New Jersey. If he leaves, it won't be for greener pastures, just sandier shores. We've learned that there's a long-standing agreement for Rizzo to take over as Public Safety Commissioner of Atlantic City.

The Philadelphia *Daily News* first reported August 9 that city hall cronies had told the boss it was high time to take a break. (The story is believed to come from city manager Hillel Levinson, who'd like to fill the vacuum if the mayor leaves.)

Nevertheless, the *News* story correctly pointed out Rizzo's lack of viability as a politician; the 1976 recall drive against him garnered an easy 154,057 signatures when 145,448 were needed. The recall movement was later halted by a 4–3 State Supreme Court ruling which said the recall provisions of Philadelphia's City Charter were unconstitutional.

Rizzo had planned, it is reported, to fool around with the City Charter so that a third term would be available to him. Among the factors that seem to have cooled his concept of creative government: the recall vote, the federal investigation of his police department's flagrant human rights violations and the disaffection of the business community that had originally put him in power.

As the chief law authority in Atlantic City—a town being sold to both legitimate businessmen and less legitimate ones—Rizzo may run into some old friends, including Angelo Bruno. The New Jersey Commission on Investigations recently said that reputed Philadelphia mob boss Angelo Bruno was moving in on Atlantic City's vending machine business. In his long run as a Philadelphia figure of authority, Rizzo never laid a finger on Bruno, except to invite him to his office soon after he'd become police commissioner to "straighten him out." In Philadelphia, Rizzo administration insiders call the Atlantic City rumors the product of a strategy by Levinson's forces.

In the hallowed tradition of local dictators fronting their families, Rizzo may put up his brother Joe as his candidate to succeed him as mayor. Joe Rizzo is now Philadelphia's fire commissioner, though he hadn't been able to pass routine examinations for lower departmental posts. *—Greg Walter*

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

Imperial Congress: Free cuts for aides

Senator Howard Cannon (D-Nevada), the chairman of the Senate Rules Committee, has written his colleagues that one high aide to each senator now may get a haircut at the Capitol's exclusive barber shop. If the aide's haircut is in progress when a senator arrives for a trim, the aide can stay in the chair until satisfactorily groomed. In the waiting room, however, senators will get the preferential "Next!" before their hirelings.

UPI

No lollipops: One shorn aide per rep

Wanted: A few good mercenaries

The Grumman Aerospace Corp. of Bethpage, L.I., was looking for a few good men to train Iranians to fly its F-14 fighter jets, but they advertised the jobs in a big way. Under bold capital letters in the August 8 help wanted columns of the Washington *Post* was a listing for "immediate interviews and job offers for out of country openings (IRAN)." The ad pledged "long-term assignments with liberal fringes and renumeration."

Grumman didn't place the ad itself: it hired General Devices, Inc., of Norristown, Pa., which bills itself as "the Kelly Girl company of the aerospace and engineering industries." Contrary to Washington rumors, it is not a CIA front, says John Martin, its director of personnel. Martin, whose name and number were printed in small type at the bottom of the ad, said General Devices has been helping Grumman search for F-14 pilots since 1975.

"We didn't anticipate that we'd get a big response," Martin says, conceding that fewer than ten pilots have quit the Navy's still-fledgling F-14 program. Nonetheless, Martin was inundated with calls, though not a single one came from an F-14 pilot. He won't consider the dozens of flyers who left their names with his secretary: "They just aren't suitable for this assignment."

Martin had been prepared to offer a $40,000 salary while the pilots trained here and $50,000 or more for their work in Iran, to be paid by Grumman. Once the pilots arrived in Iran, they were to do some backseat flying while the Iranians manned the controls. So far Grumman has delivered 46 fighter planes to Iran, with another 14 on the way by the end of the year. (The U.S. Navy already has 255 of the 521 it has agreed to purchase.)

—J. T. Barron

The Long and Winding Pipe

"Today I will receive ten hours pay for two hours of actual work," wrote a frustrated welder named Sherwin to E. L. Patton, president of the Alyeska pipeline consortium, in a refreshing display of candor. "My father taught me to give a man a day's work for a day's pay. I'm asking you let me work for my money."

No such complaint was heard from another Alaskan pipeline worker, Jerry A. Thornhill, who was paid 27 days in a row last year for 24 hours a day of work. In the nine weeks he worked for Alyeska as a job steward for welders, Thornhill was paid a total of $35,344.01—$4,500 a week.

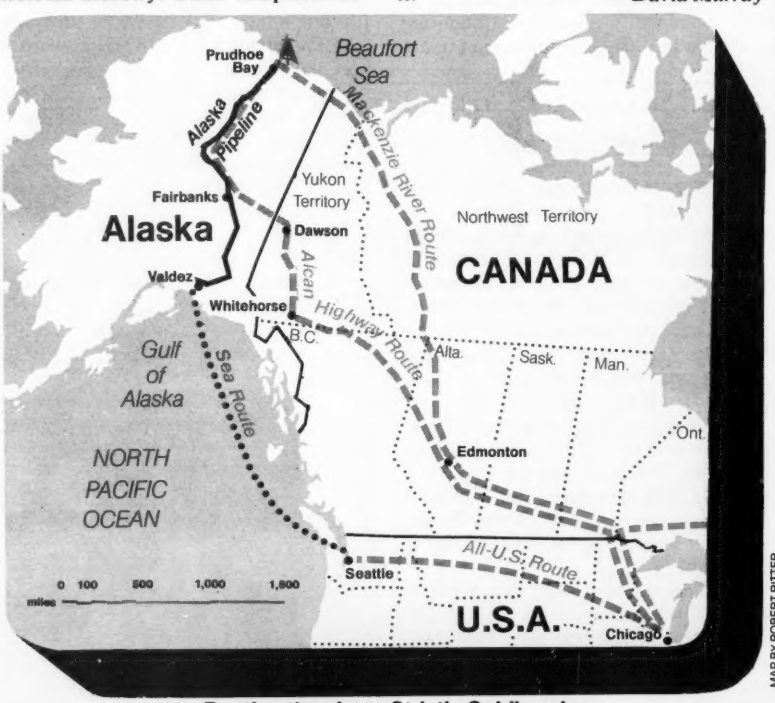
The seven-month investigation which preceeded the 700-page report was led by Terry Lenzner, the former Justice Department lawyer and fiery interrogator for the Senate Watergate Committee, who found:

- The cost of the 800-mile Cape Prudhoe-Valdez line to be $8 billion instead of $1 billion, as originally estimated.
- About $1.8 billion of that was wasted not because of workers "goldbricking" or "isolated instances of theft," as a consortium of eight oil companies have charged, but because of "inept" management practices.
- "The organizational hierarchy and management structure were poorly conceived from the outset and only marginally improved as the project progressed."

These charges have come to light just as Canada and the U.S. begin talks on a new trans-Canada natural-gas line which would split off from the Alaskan pipeline, follow the Alaskan highway to Alberta, and connect with an existing pipeline in the Chicago area. Some oil companies, such as Sohio, however, want to liquify the gas in a new Valdez facility, then move it by tanker to Long Branch, Calif. There it would be regasified, piped to Texas, only to be piped north again in a Rube Goldberg scheme designed principally to make money for the petroleum industry. Other companies favor going around two sides of a triangle and building a pipeline from the Pacific Northwest to the Midwest, thus keeping the Valdez facilities.

Outlook: The trans-Canada line, which four years ago was a favored route before the oil companies, the Nixon Administration and Sen. Henry M. Jackson (D–Wash.) rammed through the trans-Alaskan fiasco, will be built. Jimmy Carter strongly favors it.

—David Murray



Routing the pipes: Strictly Goldbergian

Seventies

Big DeMacracy in America

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE KLAVER

Kaplowitz: Eating fast

In 1975, Democratic candidates for the Fair Lawn, New Jersey, borough council made vows to keep certain undesirables out of the community. They took the election and now they're trying to keep from breaking their pledge: "No More Fast Food in Fair Lawn."

"My whole family likes Whoppers," says Mayor Louis Raffiani. "What I object to is the byproducts—litter, loiter and traffic." Fair Lawn housed at least six fast food operations when the borough council decided to slam down its ordinance to ban any further installations.

But Realtor Morris Kaplowitz would have none of it. Having leased a parcel of land to Robert Morrow, who operated four Burger King franchises in New Jersey and planned to open a fifth in Fair Lawn, Kaplowitz decided to take the city to court after he and Morrow were denied a permit.

The Fair Lawn borough attorney argued that "a municipality . . . has a right to set a certain level in the community with respect to health, safety, welfare and morals." The Chamber of Commerce called the borough contention "clearly unconstitutional," invoking the citizen's right to choose his own food. Robert Morrow, on the verge of being denied his franchise, let loose a clarion statement on behalf of the dignity of fast food. "I'm a Burger King operator, a graduate of Whopper College and, though I didn't go to Gino's hamburger school or chicken school, I know they have real hamburgers and chicken."

The court was swayed. "I am not at all convinced that it is constitutionally permissible to attempt by zoning legislation to control social and economic habits of people," it ruled.

The council's desired changes, however, may already have come about. "We generally don't like to come into a community where we aren't wanted," says Burger King's franchise headquarters.

"It's a shame," says Morris Kaplowitz, "that people with a lower income can't eat in their own town." Mayor Raffiani is casting a cold eye on such sneaky appeals. He won't be remembered as the mayor who was soft on fast foods. "If this ordinance doesn't stand up," he warns, "we'll rezone certain areas for strictly commercial buildings. You have to stop them somewhere. It's no idle rumor, you know; Long John Silver and Arthur Treacher are just waiting in the wings."

—Deborah Roth

Little pitchers

Washington state, helping to steady us on the road toward 1984, has provided a toll-free "hotline" for citizens who wish to turn the names of various relatives, neighbors and alleged enemies of the people over to welfare fraud investigators.

Under the one-year-old program, funded by the state, callers can make any kind of anonymous, unsubstantiated accusation they like. The state promises to investigate them all. "Oh sure, we're criticized as using Gestapo tactics," says Robert Neilson, head of the program. "But I just weigh the values. As far as I am concerned, the hotline does more good than bad."

About 1,300 of the 4,000 tips received have been deemed worthy of serious investigation. Most of the names turned in have been of people not even on welfare. The program boasts that the hotline costs slightly less than $3,000 a year to operate and that it has put a stop to more than $104,000 in welfare chiseling, almost none of which has been collected.

MOVIE STAR NEWS

Hotline: Toll-free charges

Odds on the End

The Price-Anderson Act has been on the books for 20 years: its chief effect is to place a $560 million limit on damages that must be paid in the event of a nuclear catastrophe. Power companies have argued that without such a limit it would be difficult to attract the big money investors necessary to build nuclear plants.

In July, to the horror of nuclear proponents, U. S. District Judge James B. McMillan declared the act unconstitutional, a decision which, say its exultant supporters, may make it impossible to continue building nuclear plants. "This is a fantastic message," chortled North Carolina environmentalist Jessee Riley, whose suit led to McMillan's ruling. "You can kiss off the nuclear industry if the decision is upheld all the way."

The Duke Power Company, which opposed the suit, argued that though the chances of nuclear accident were about one in a billion, the Price-Anderson protections were essential. Judge McMillan wasn't impressed. "The court is not a bookie," he wrote in his decision. "The question is not whether a nuclear catastrophe is more or less likely than a tornado, an earthquake or a collision with a comet; the significant conclusion is that under the odds quoted by either side, a nuclear catastrophe is a real, not fanciful, possibility."

McMillan's ruling came several weeks after thousands of gallons of radioactive water—apparently from one of Duke Power's plants—were released into the Keowee River in South Carolina. Shortly afterward, small amounts of radioactivity turned up in the water supply of Clemson University.

—Frye Gaillard

Dennis Banks: The prisoner of California fights extradition

Fugitive Dennis Banks: Still locked out

There are lots of people in South Dakota who want AIM leader Dennis Banks to come home—his family, friends, and, most of all, South Dakota Attorney General William Janklow. If Janklow can extradite the 46-year-old native American spokesman from California, Banks can stay in South Dakota as long as he pleases—in prison, on riot and assault charges. Fortunately for Banks, a successful extradition process looks doubtful. Although the Third District Appeals Court in Sacramento ruled against Banks last April, California Governor Jerry Brown has so far refused to send him back to South Dakota, pending an investigation. And so it looks as though Dennis Banks won't be back. He claims that to do so means the spectre of an imprisonment or physical damage for him and his family. Banks was on safer ground in early August, working on the supervision of Davis, California's Sioux Sundance religious festival.

Banks never appeared for sentencing after being convicted of charges arising from a 1973 demonstration in which the courthouse and chamber of commerce in Custer, South Dakota, were burned. And the California State Supreme Court has accepted Banks' petition for a hearing on the case; although a date hasn't been set, it's rumored to come this month.

Attorney General Janklow was the prosecutor in the 1975 trial resulting from the Custer incident, a Minneapolis trial lawyer Larry Leventhal, who worked on Banks' defense, calls a "sham." Leventhal said he had to do legal research in Minneapolis because the county bar in Custer closed down its law library the day before the trial began to anyone who wasn't a member of the county bar on that day. Even prosecutor Janklow admitted that "I'd like the record to show we will concede at any time because of the feeling in Custer County that the defendant could not get a fair trial in Custer County."

It doesn't stop there. In a recent interview, Banks said he was convinced that if he went back to South Dakota he would be killed. Sound paranoia: An affidavit on file in South Dakota's Minnehaha County quotes Janklow as saying the way to deal with "the AIM problem" was to shoot AIM leaders. "Put a bullet in a guy's head, and he won't bother you any more," Janklow reportedly said.

Banks—now teaching federal Indian law and native American religion and philosophy at D.Q. University, a two-year school in Davis, California—has reason to believe the extradition attempt will fail. A petition with over 650,000 signatures protesting the extradition attempt was delivered to Brown in April. The governor has so far defied the Third District Court's order, and Banks has already beaten an attempt to extradite him to Oregon to face charges there, which have since been dropped. According to Bank's former attorney, Dennis Roberts, a Bay Area ex-associate of William Kunstler whose most recent client is Huey Newton, "The court will probably decide that Brown has to extradite Banks, but if he doesn't want to, nobody can make him. Brown probably won't want to, either . . . The tragedy is that Dennis is doing some incredible things with his life teachings."

The irony is that Dennis Banks *wants* to go home: "I guess the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the government think they have won since I can't be on reservations organizing."

—Joseph W. Dalton

Estrogents

A new hazard that male industrial workers have to watch out for is emasculation, and not of the normal buzz-saw variety. In the Dawe's Laboratories, near Chicago, 12 men preparing cattle feed have experienced serious sexual disorders, including impotence and breast enlargement so severe that, in one case, a double mastectomy was necessary.

The cattle feed contained the synthetic female hormone DES (diethylstilbestrol), used to promote quick growth in cattle and sheep. Because residue from the drug has turned up in edible portions of livestock, the FDA is currently holding hearings to try and remove it from the market. Dawe's Laboratories is also trying to repair its equipment to reduce the risk of worker-exposure.

By no means is Dawe's prepared to take a rap. In March the situation came to the attention of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers of America. OCAW filed a complaint with the Occupational Safety and Health Administration which this summer went to Dawe's and discovered eight violations: three characterized as "willful-serious" and five "serious." It fined the company $49,700. Dawe's is now contesting the fines and expects to resume production of cattle feed soon.

—Paul Engleman

Mind & Body

A new theory

Can pot cause sterility? Wow! The possibility is there, claims Duke gynecologist Lee Tyrey. In experiments conducted on female rats, Dr. Tyrey discovered that when they were injected with the active substance in marijuana (THC), some of the animals couldn't secrete a hormone necessary for conception.

The hormone is the same one in humans that's suppressed by birth control pills. The dosages of THC were small—no more than that found in a couple of average joints.

Dr. Tyrey concedes that his findings don't prove anything yet, but he insists, "we have to be concerned about humans. We can't say that marijuana interferes with conception, but the possibility certainly needs to be looked at."

The Word

Take the Force with you, wherever

Video pirate : Illicit voyeurism

Forget silver straws and Stutzes: the real status symbol in L.A. is a video casette of *Star Wars*.

Jump to light speed! Illegal copies of Twentieth Century-Fox's summer gold mine are multiplying like gerbils; 20 to 100 are floating around Hollywood. "You either copy it through a video film chain unit," says one film pirate, "or just shoot it off the wall somewhere with a portapack. Then all you need is a couple of playback units and you've got as many copies as you've got tapes to put them on."

"Why," asks another, "spend an afternoon with R2-D2 at Grauman's Chinese when you can have a date with the little guy at home?" For one thing, when you go to the slammer, you won't take the little guy with you.

With the authority of an Interpol tracker, Bill Noland, the chief dick who heads the film security office for the Motion Picture Association of America, collates leads with the member companies (Paramount, Warners, Columbia, etc.), and passes them all to the FBI. "These *Star Wars* tapes are going for $500 a pop," Noland says. "It means six months in the bucket if we catch pirates. The FBI has gotten 25 convictions since 1975."

Sleuthing, we went to a party to watch a captive tape. Princess Leia would be appalled. The host wears Groucho glasses and he's proud of himself. "Great color. I've heard Elton's got one too. Big deal, his is only stereo. Mine's Dolbyized."

—John Mankiewicz

There are 108 ways the English keep dry with Gordon's.®

EVERY DRINK ON THIS PAGE
CAME OUT OF A BOTTLE OF GORDON'S GIN.

Gordon's Gin not only makes a better martini (most popular martini in the world), it makes a better everything. Here are recipes for some of the 108 delicious drinks you can make:

Gin & Tonic: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin into highball glass over ice. Squeeze in wedge of lime. Fill glass with tonic.

Gin Screwdriver: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin and 3 ozs. orange juice. Stir in highball glass over ice cubes.

Tom Collins: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice of ½ lemon. Pour over ice in highball glass. Add sprinkle of powdered sugar. Fill with soda. Stir. Decorate with orange slice and cherry.

Salty Dog: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice cubes in old-fashioned glass. Fill with 3 ozs. grapefruit juice. Add dash of salt.

Rickey: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice from ½ lime with rind into highball glass with ice cubes. Fill with soda water. Stir.

Daisy: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, teaspoon of grenadine, juice of ½ lemon, ½ teaspoon powdered sugar. Stir contents over ice cubes in highball glass. Add soda water to fill.

Ginade: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice cubes in highball glass. Fill wi h lemonade. Stir. Add lemon slice.

Belmont: ½ oz cu

Eng oz. each sweet vermouth, brandy, highball glass. Fill with gi lemon peel twist.

Pink Gin: Sprinkle several dro bitters into empty on-the-rocks bitters around the glass, remov ice cubes and 2 ozs. Gordon's

Gin & Cola: 1½ ozs. Gordon's glass over ice cubes. Fill with of lime.

Highball: 1½ ozs. Gordon's glass filled with ice. Twist i lemon peel. Pour on ginge

TV Special: 1½ ozs. eac orange juice over ice cu Fill glass with ginger ale.

Lady Shake: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. Cointreau, ½ oz. lemon juice. Shake well over ice cubes. Strain and serve in cocktail glass.

Gin Bloody Mary: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, 3 ozs. tomato juice, juice of ⅓ lime wedge. Stir well over ice.

Hawaii: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin and 3 ozs. pineapple juice over ice cubes in highball glass. Add cherry.

Dry Martini: 4 or more parts Gordon's Gin, 1 part dry vermouth. Stir well in pitcher over ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass or over rocks. Option: Add lemon peel twist, olive, pearl onion.

Gin Daiquiri: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, ½ oz. lime juice, ½ teaspoon sugar. Shake well with ice cubes. Strain and serve in cocktail glass or on rocks.

Gin Sour: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice of a half lemon, ½ teaspoon sugar. Shake with cracked ice. Strain into chilled sour glass. Add splash of soda. Garnish with orange slice and cherry.

Gimlet: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. sweetened lime juice. Stir well over ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

Between the Sheets: 1 oz. each Gordon's Gin, brandy, Cointreau. Shake well with ice cubes. Strain into cocktail glass.

Gordon's and Squirt: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin over ice in highball glass. Fill with Squirt® grapefruit soft drink.

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Tough guy

Her fierce left hook of little value, Catherine (Cat) Davis, women boxing's "World Lightweight Champion," is struggling to KO a New York State Athletic Commission rule that prohibits the licensing of female fighters. Despite being undefeated in 15 bouts, the 23-year-old blonde has only won attention from nudie mags (*Oui* and *Penthouse*) who want to centerfold her, and repeated low blows from Commission spokesmen who point to rule 205.15: "No woman may be licensed as a boxer or second, or be licensed to compete or spar with men."

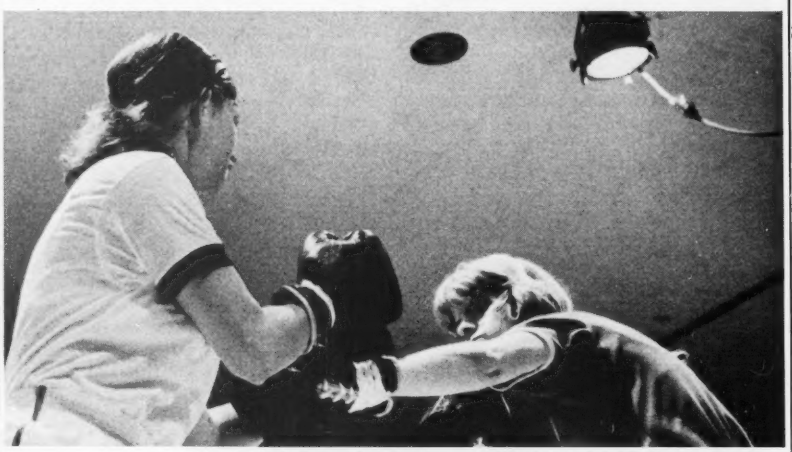
Davis is currently waiting for a Commission verdict on her license application, but if past events are any clue to board thinking, she'll take a ten count. Though other states recognize women, the New York Commission has always turned down license requests, and only recently had lightheavyweight fighter Jackie Tonawanda's anti-discrimination lawsuit dismissed by New York's Supreme Court. Last month, the ommission also called in police to stop "Cat" from sparring before a group of women filmmakers in Pelham, New York.

"Just because I have a good body, officials don't take me seriously," says the 131-pound Cat, on the night of her most recent title defense in Allentown, Pennsylvania. "Some magazines wanted me to pose naked, but I'm not interested in that. I just want to fight the Big Apple, where boxing is really important to people."

In order to put clout behind her wish, Cat has hired a woman attorney, and is already talking about a New York State Court of Appeals showdown. What the Commission thinks of her moves could not be ascertained, as acting Commissioner Floyd Patterson was not available for comment, and deputy Marvin Kohn would only say, "no court has said we couldn't have this rule."

Apparently untroubled by impending legal battles, Cat easily defended her title July 24. After flailing opponent Tony Lear with combinations for three rounds, she erased the number two rated contender with a left hook 26 seconds into the fourth round. At ringside, manager and future husband Sal Algierri said Cat's next fight would be in Minneapolis July 28. The bout never came off, as Algierri's wishful thinking had little impact on Minnesota officials, who also bar the licensing of women pugilists. Wherever the Cat strikes next, a New York Commission decision is due shortly, and as a result, Cat may soon be in training for Floyd Patterson.

—Ed Kiersh



CALL CHRONICLE NEWSPAPERS, ALLENTOWN, PA

Cat Davis (right): The right to KO

The Stroke and Toke Books

In one of publishing's strangest marriages of convenience, Larry Flynt's *Hustler* has acquired distribution rights to *High Times*, known for its own brand of centerfoliage.

The hustlering of *HT* will provide for mutually shared distribution points, as Flynt promises to put the often-criticized drug publication next to his own vilified nudes (judged obscene by an Ohio court) in supermarkets, airports and hotels. Believing that Flynt's business staff will solicit more facilities, *HT* intends to print 250,000 extra copies above its normal run of 530,000, starting in October (both sides refuse to discuss terms of the agreement).

"Of course what Flynt is doing is controversial," says the *High Times* public relation director. "But he can do for marijuana what Playboy did for nudity. We need respectability."

Post Scripts

What Lyman Kirkpatrick Knew

President Carter had wanted to name Lyman Kirkpatrick Deputy Director of the CIA, but the nomination was killed—partially due to Congressional leaders who had expressed amazement that the White House would suggest naming the man who, as CIA Inspector General, had suppressed the story of the CIA's mind-tampering experiments in the 1950s.

We've found memos proving the extent to which Kirkpatrick knew. Reportedly, the nomination was canned when the White House discovered Kirkpatrick's involvement in the CIA's MK-ULTRA program (an extensive set of at least 149 CIA-run mind control projects over a 14 year period at 80 sites in the United States and Canada).

In August, 1963, Kirkpatrick sent a confidential memo to the CIA Deputy Director of Plans detailing the program: "Research in the manipulation of human behavior is considered by many authorities in medicine and related fields to be professionally unethical, therefore the reputations of professional participants in the MK-ULTRA program are, on occasion, in jeopardy.

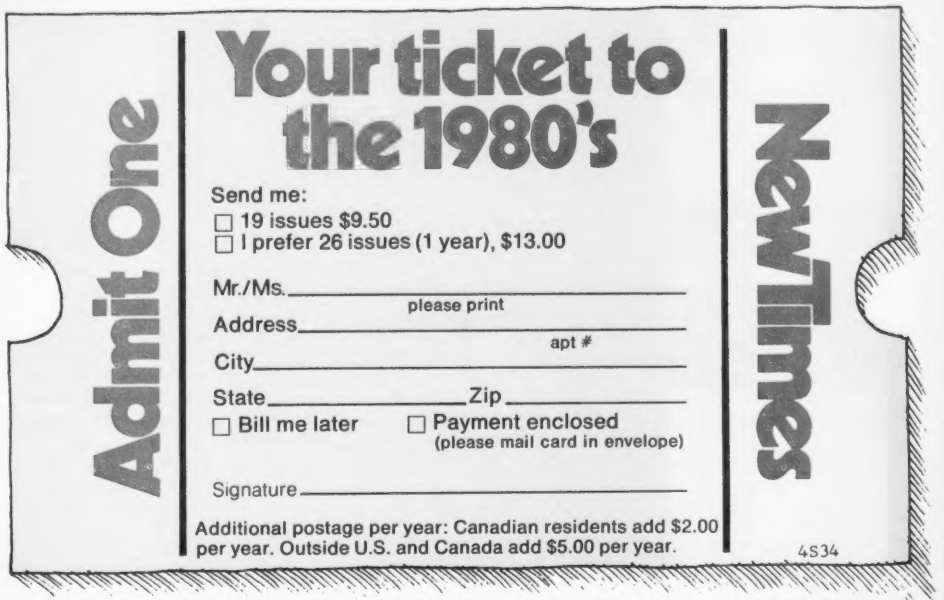
"Over the ten year life of the program, many additional avenues to the control of human behavior have been designated . . . as appropriate to investigation under the MK-ULTRA charter, including radiation, electroshock, various fields of psychology, psychiatry, harrassment substances and paramilitary devices and militaries.

"The final phase of testing of MK-ULTRA materials involves their application to unwitting subjects in normal life settings . . . ."

During one experiment, the CIA apparently paid prostitutes to give hallucinogenic drugs to unsuspecting men they picked up in bars.

On July 15, the White House leaked the Kirkpatrick nomination through the *New York Times*. That same day Jody Powell confused reporters at his press briefing by denying the story. Apparently, sometime between the leak and the denial, White House officials were informed of Kirkpatrick's MK-ULTRA activities. By July 20, the final leak announcing the end of Carter's support for Kirkpatrick appeared in the *Times*, citing a lack of support from the Senate Intelligence Committee.

—Murray Waas



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Will the first person picked for Carter's Cabinet be the first to go?

By Robert Shrum

Bert Lance: Jimmy's bad risk

Bert Lance has been the man to see in Washington, a shambling, smiling, heavy-set Ichabod Crane standing at the right hand of the President of the United States. But Lance has been more than the Director of the Office of Management and Budget and a member of the Cabinet; he has been, by Carter's own acount, "my closest friend" in the government. The two men have known each other since the days when one of them was a peanut processor and the other was a back-country banker. They have had each other's confidence, an easy camaraderie, a kind of comfortable personal relationship that Carter seems to have formed with very few others. "Way back when lots was being written about Jimmy not having a sense of humor," says Georgia Lieutenant Governor Zell Miller, "I thought of the times I saw Bert make him laugh." It was a measure of Lance's special place in the Administration that until late July, he was one of the three persons who had a regularly scheduled private lunch with Carter every week; the other two were the First Lady and the Vice-President.

But in late July Bert Lance became the first scandal of Jimmy Carter's presidency. His personal finances had been discussed during his confirmation hearings last January, and the questions had all been answered, or so it seemed. He was over $5 million in debt, but his assets apparently exceeded $7 million. He had been president of the First National Bank of Calhoun, Georgia, when he ran for Governor back in 1974. And there had been allegations that he misused the bank's money during the campaign. But in a January 18 letter to the Senate government operations committee, Acting Comptroller of the Currency Robert Bloom concluded that the situation involved "no violations" of the law. Lance later had been the president and controlling stockholder of the National Bank of Georgia. He promised the committee that he would put the stock in a blind trust and that the trustee would sell it by the end of the year. But by July, the stock had collapsed to half its former value, and the President asked the finance committee to extend the deadline. The morning the committee met to consider the request, July 22, it was reported that Lance's National Bank of Georgia (NBG) had deposited $200,000 in a non-interest bearing account with the First National Bank of Chicago, one month before that bank lent Lance $3.4 million.

Lance still looked safe for a few more days. The interest rate on the loan, only half a percent above the prime rate charged the securest borrowers such as General Motors, was very favorable, but it was also a relatively common favor for one banker to do another. And NBG's interest-free $200,000 seemed too trivial an amount to have persuaded the Chicago bank to give Lance a sweetheart deal.

The Senate committee didn't even ask him what his collateral was. They granted him a delay on the stock sale and, as Senator Lawton Chiles put it, "our Good Housekeeping *seal of approval." Committee Chairman Abraham Ribicoff accused the press of "smearing" Lance. Unfortunately for Ribicoff, and for Lance, more details kept coming—and quickly. On August 1,* Newsweek *reported that the Justice Department had been investigating Lance's 1974 campaign, and that the investigation had been stopped, over the objection of the Assistant U.S. Attorney conducting it, just two days before Lance was appointed OMB Director. Then on August 5, Lance himself revealed that the Comptroller of the Currency had an internal memo which explicitly linked* another *Lance loan to interest free NBG deposits at* another *bank, Manufacturers Hanover Trust in New York. From August 1 to August 15, Jimmy Carter did not see his close friend, the* primus inter pares *of his Cabinet. He was waiting, the President said, for the Comptroller's report. Lance, formerly the most accessible of Washington's high officials, fled into seclusion at his Sea Island, Georgia, vacation estate. He refused phone calls even from longtime, downhome friends.*

When Carter did finally see Lance again on Tuesday, August 16, presidential spokesmen insisted that they discussed only the government's business. The Comptroller of the Currency would report on the latest investigation of Lance's financial tangles two days later. The report might clear him, but "if it still seems a close question then" a Carter insider confided, "the President will have to wait and judge the public reaction."

Bert Lance grew up in Young Harris, Georgia, a rural community nestled in the Appalachian mountains along the North Carolina border. Hunters called it "the land of the dancing rabbit." He attended public grammar school where each child had to pay 75 cents a year for firewood. If the family couldn't afford it, the father hauled in wood for the winter. A lot of fathers did.

Bert Lance, however, was relatively well-off. His family lived in a brick house. His father was President of Young Harris College. "It was the most prestigious job in the valley," remembers Lieutenant Governor Zell Miller, a grammar school classmate.

Bert worked hard at being liked. He was right in the middle of the recess games—better than average, Miller recalls, but not the best. He was gregarious, everybody's friend, a regular guy. He was smarter than average, but had trouble with one subject: arithmetic.

After his family moved to Calhoun, a north Georgia town just below the mountains, young Bert fell in love with a sixth-grade classmate, LaBelle David, daughter of Calhoun's leading family. They were married at nineteen. A few years later, Lance graduated from college with a banking and business degree and became a teller at the Calhoun National Bank, where LaBelle's grand-

PHOTOGRAPH BY J.P. LAFFONT/SYGMA

father was president. Twelve years later, in 1963, he became president. No one at the bank or in Calhoun resented Lance's nepotistic ascent; everybody liked him. Bankers are supposed to be dour; Lance was gregarious. On Calhoun's Wall Street he greeted passersby by name: "Hi there, how you doin'? How them children doin'?" He remembered the kids' names, too.

Even before Lance became president, his smiling, aggressive style had pushed the bank's assets from $6.5 million in 1956 to $10.2 million in 1963. It was time, Lance decided, for a new building. Plans were announced in February, 1964. Nine months later the Calhoun National Bank celebrated the completion of the building with a banquet at the high school cafeteria. There were white orchids at each lady's plate, engraved key chains and ash trays for all the men; the place cards were miniature stock certificates. The centerpiece on the head table was a three-by-five foot ice sculpture of the new building, carved from a 300-pound block. A Chattanooga caterer provided a seven-course French dinner for 116 guests. "One of the liveliest events of the social scene," gushed the *Calhoun Times*. For locals who were not invited to the banquet, the bank opened with a "Millionaire for a Day" contest: the winner received one day's interest on a million dollars, which was about $140. It was typical of Lance that he made so little seem like so much.

By the mid-'60s, Lance was a leader to be reckoned with in north Georgia. "He had tremendous respect in Gordon County," reports Lt. Gov. Zell Miller. "If you wanted to get something done up there, you went to Bert." Jimmy Carter wanted something in 1966—the governorship of Georgia—so he went to Lance, who agreed to support him. Carter lost, but he was back again in 1970, and Lance was with him again. Carter liked Lance, and Lance liked politics—as a banker, he'd been a superb politician—and when Carter won, the new Governor named his friend state highway director.

It was the second most powerful job in Georgia. For a generation, James "Mr. Jim" Gillis, Lance's predecessor in the post, "had used it to make himself a political boss," recounts longtime Carter advisor Gerald Rafshoon. But under Lance, the highway board established a systematic formula for distributing its largesse. Lance wasn't interested in being a permanent, provincial machine politician. The formula also freed him for what he proved to be best at, dealing with the state legislature. Larry Gellerstedt, the Atlanta builder who was to become the finance chairman of Lance's own unsuccessful gubernatorial race in 1974, recalls that "Carter's greatest fault as Governor was his stiffness with the legislature. He was hurting his own program. Bert was the guy who pushed a lot of it through for him, especially reorganization."

By the terms of the Georgia constitution, Jimmy Carter could only be a one-term governor. Bert Lance yearned to succeed him. Carter's inner circle thought it was a fine idea. As Rafshoon puts it, "If Bert had won, the presidential effort would have been easier. We would have had the state Democratic party with us, a governor who was pushing Carter." Lance's campaign manager was state senator Beverly Langford, a friend from Calhoun, whose daughter is married to Carter's son. Rafshoon declined to handle Lance's media, the task he had undertaken for Carter in the 1966 and 1970 campaigns, because he had a state advertising contract. Nor could Hamilton Jordan be involved openly. But Rafshoon, Jordan and Atlanta lawyer Philip Alston, a Carter confidante who is now U.S. Ambassador to Australia, did function as an informal advisory group for Lance.

He didn't take all their advice. He resisted the suggestion that by committing himself to full financial disclosure early he could blunt the charge that he was a rich banker trying to buy the governorship. "He said he couldn't do that to some of his contributors," Rafshoon recalls. "Also, he was using a lot of his own money, borrowing to do it." (Ultimately Lance did disclose his campaign finances—partially, after George Busbee, the man who beat him, had pledged to do so.)

In Georgia, Lance's religious commitment is repeatedly cited as proof that he must be honest

In other respects, Lance's 1974 effort in Georgia was virtually a carbon preview of Carter's presidential race. Like Carter, he announced very early, resigning his highway post to campaign after only 27 months in office. Like Carter in 1976, Lance ran as a non-politician. His slogan, plastered on billboards around the state, was: "What have THEY done for you lately?" And like Carter's national stump speech, Lance's message, reported the *Atlanta Constitution*, which endorsed him, was "broad and philosophical and lacking in detail." He hammered on the theme that he was a "non-politician" and a "hard-nosed administrator."

But what would work for Jimmy Carter nationally in 1976 didn't quite work for Bert Lance in Georgia in 1974. He came in third. The crucial difference between Carter and Lance was that Bert's treatment was like Lyndon Johnson's: he was a charmer on a one to one basis, but a bomb in public speeches.

Why did Lance want to be Governor? "He looked on it as the next challenge," says his '74 political consultant Bill Pope. He could have returned to Calhoun. "It would have suited me fine if he stayed with us after his defeat," Calhoun Bank president Henderson remembers. "We wanted him to come back." But for Lance, returning would have been a retreat. "Bert had it made in Calhoun," says his friend Larry Gellerstedt, "but he constantly has to be killing more dragons."

Bert Lance wouldn't go home beaten. So at the age of 44, he accepted the presidency of the National Bank of Georgia, the fifth largest in Atlanta. Actually Lance was thinking about being more than the hired president of NBG; he had discussed buying control of it with Atlanta theatre magnate John Stembler while still a gubernatorial candidate. Now owning the bank became his consolation prize. Lance and Stembler looked for a third partner. Shortly after taking the presidency, Lance called construction millionaire Dan Pattillo. "We talked for a few minutes and he said NBG was for sale," Pattillo recalls. "Did I want to go in on it?" The two men agreed to meet the next morning. Over breakfast Lance was typically persuasive. "We talked for a couple of hours and I decided he knew how to run a bank," Pattillo says. He knew Lance only slightly, but he agreed to invest $3 million in the NBG purchase.

Bert Lance ran NBG with the same folksy touch that had worked wonders in Calhoun. The method had to be refined, of course; he couldn't know all of Atlanta on a first-name basis. So he decided that they would all know *him*. Bank presidents don't do their own radio commercials; Lance did a blitz of them. They opened with a song inspired by his favorite saying—"the only two resources in the world are people and money"—and the tune came from the ad agency responsible for "Pepsi Generation." Then Lance delivered his message in a friendly drawl, concluding: "You come by and see me personally." They did—and he saw them.

Most Atlanta bankers were wary of a recession economy, but not Bert Lance. He plunged NBG heavily into real estate investments, and the bank's annual report, heretofore a spare four-page listing of numbers, featured 32 pages of boosterism after his first year. Larry Gellerstedt observes that "Bert's one weakness is this attitude that figures are not important, that if you say things are good, they will be. He believes in the power of positive thinking." At NBG, it was yielding positive returns. In 1975, assets rose from $255 million to $325 million; by the end of 1976, they topped $400 million.

Although Lance had promised his partners that he would stick with NBG indefinitely, they started to get nervous

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN HAWKINS/SYGMA

Fading fast: Jimmy Carter (top foreground) went to Lance when he got serious about politics, and until very recently, supported him

as Carter neared the Democratic nomination, then the presidency. Shortly after the November election, Lance asked Stembler and Pattillo to his office in the NBG building on Peachtree Street. He told them he knew he had a pledge to remain in Atlanta and run NBG, repeating what he had said to the President-elect the day before: "I told Jimmy I have a promise to you two." Lance had flown to Americus, the airport nearest to Plains, and Carter picked him up. Over dinner, Carter had pressed him to go to Washington; he needed him in the Administration, the country needed him. "I had to tell him I couldn't do it," Lance explained to Stembler and Pattillo. "Then he rode with me back to the airport and there I was in the back seat with the next President of the United States and I was saying no . . ."

"What the hell were we supposed to say to that?" Pattillo asks. They said what they had to. Lance thanked them for letting him off the hook, then confided that he would be appointed either Secretary of the Treasury or Director of the Office of Management and Budget. Lance had moved far and fast since 1951, when he was earning $90 a month at his in-laws' bank.

"Jumping from one place to another," Larry Gellerstedt concedes, "Bert has had a tendency to leave a few messy details behind him." But he had always gotten away clean in the past. So as he rode to Jimmy Carter's "People's Inaugural" in an imperial black limousine, with a front license plate reading "BERT" and a back one reading "LANCE," he surely did not suspect that within six months those details would finally come back to haunt him.

Soon after he settled into the grey Victorian offices of OMB, right across a driveway from the White House, it became apparent that Bert Lance didn't worry much about "details" in his new job either. It was as unusual a trait in a budget director as in a banker, but Lance was just being himself. "I don't use numbers if I can help it," he said. And when he can't help it, he still has trouble with arithmetic. After the Administration withdrew the proposed $50 tax rebate, Lance briefed congressional leaders at the White House. With the aid of slides, he reviewed the Administration's plans for balancing the budget by 1981. He misidentified the numbers on the first slide and misadded those on the second. A Cabinet member turned to a Senate budget committee official and whispered: "This is all wrong." The official remembers Lance "rushing through; he obviously didn't know the data."

In early July, Lance dispatched a letter to the House and Senate budget committees recommending changes in functional classifications for the 1979 budget. Those classifications are very important: they determine how competing priorities are measured. Lance was questioned at a subsequent hearing by Florida senator Lawton Chiles, who said of the recommendations: "Somebody over there doesn't have any idea what we are talking about." That somebody, it turned out, was Lance himself, who confessed: "I have just briefly seen the report and have not had a chance to go into it in any detail." A committee expert reports that "the members were startled. It's unbelievable that the Director of the OMB was recommending major changes in the budget process without knowing what they were."

Yet Senate budget chairman Edmund Muskie likes Bert Lance, as do most congressmen who've met him—and that means most of the House and Senate. The gregariousness was working once again in Washington; as usual, Lance's personality was proving to be his saving strength. "He has a great political sense," says White House domestic affairs chief Stuart Eizenstat. "He knew how Congress worked as soon as he was up here"—a rare commodity in the Carter operation. It was Lance who lobbied for the new President's reorganization plan, Carter's first congressional victory and his foremost campaign promise. "Everybody predicted it would be a tough struggle," a House member notes. "But Lance schmoozed it through early and easy."

For Bert in this role, budget details have been a needless bother. They haven't been the key to his power in Washington, just as they were never the key to his success in Georgia. "Bert's not a nitty-gritty policy person," comments Stu Eizenstat. "But the President has immense respect for his judgment. If you want to make sure the President will sign off on something, the best way is to get Bert to agree."

Lance's influence has perturbed liberal Democrats. Many of them see him as the incarnation of Carter's conservative side, "a Republican banker who happened to be born a southern Democrat," as one northern senator put it. Lance has emphasized the importance

LaBelle's last tango

Ham Jordan once said that the Carterites' idea of the high life in Washington would be swilling beer in, say, Columbia, Maryland—a suburb on the road to Baltimore. He did not mean Bert and LaBelle Lance. The Lances, Jordan predicted, would be the social lions of the Carter era, assuming Kissinger's position in the Georgetown firmament. After all, LaBelle had been a leading light in Atlanta where she hosted a series of lavish parties, including one soirée that grew so large (their mansion's dining room seats only 50 for dinner) that guests came in shifts.

Following their initial burst of stardom at the Inauguration, however, the Lances faded. One Carter advisor attributes this to LaBelle's "peculiarities." The Lances' friend Larry Gellerstedt thinks people have been unfair: "They're treating LaBelle as naive or a religious fanatic or dumb. It really hurts her."

LaBelle did make quite an impression on the Capitol's social consciousness. She explained that butterflies were her personal symbol. She had them all over her Atlanta mansion, which she'd named "Butterfly Manna." They were even embroidered on her Oriental rug. "Butterflies mean immortality in a Christian sense," she said last March. "Bert gives me a lot of things with hearts on them . . . but you can't have hearts without butterflies."

Jimmy Carter's Baptist ways have become chic in Washington, and LaBelle is intensely religious. But it was too much when she showed up at the Heart Association fashion show in a $300 fire-engine red Ultrasuede outfit to recruit Cabinet wives for a weekly prayer breakfast. Nor did LaBelle's new acquaintances know what to make of her privately printed 56-page poem, *A Story From God* by "His Servant LaBelle," with a butterfly next to her name on the cover. She later said that she hadn't really written the poem, that God had appeared in a dream and revealed such verses as:

And Jesus had to carry
His own cross
and was so tired and spent
a man helped Him
and His need was met
and they nailed Him on a cross
pierced was His hands and feet
and as He died He cried

(Simon & Schuster is preparing LaBelle's poetry for publication. When an editor phoned to point out a spelling error, LaBelle demurred: That was the way God had spelled the word in her dream.)

In an interview last spring, LaBelle confessed that she was lonely. Bert and Jimmy were friends, she said, but she and Rosalynn weren't close. She said she wanted to help on Rosalynn's projects, "if she asks me, but I doubt she will. She didn't call on me in the state, though she knew I'd do anything she'd ask."

LaBelle Lance doesn't give interviews anymore.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES PUGH/LIASON

of business confidence as a key to capital investment. He believes, an associate says, that the administration has to humor the conventional business mentality, even when the economic numbers belie it, "because business makes investment decisions to a large extent on what they feel."

Federal deficits are a perennial business bugaboo—so Lance has opposed social spending and fought to hold down the budget. He was instrumental in scuttling the $50 tax rebate; he's opposed food stamp increases and urged the elimination of the "double taxation" of both corporate income and dividends. "He's against everything that costs anything," concludes a congressional budget expert.

Yet many Administration liberals insist that Lance is not a predictable ideologue. "He leans conservative," one of them says, "but he can end up anywhere on an issue. He was against the B-1 bomber." Stu Eizenstat reports that contrary to most insider reports, "Bert favored welfare reform above the no-cost option. He thought we had to spend more on both humanitarian and political grounds."

"Bert's more conservative than Jimmy," a Carter associate argues, "but he tends to adapt to Jimmy's views." Lance describes himself as "a pragmatic sort of fellow"; he has a history of just fitting in.

Lance has also followed the standard Georgia etiquette on civil rights from early resistance to belated enthusiasm. In 1974, he campaigned hard for Georgia's black vote. Jimmy Carter had set a new standard on the issue and Lance was following it. But ten years earlier, in a speech to the Calhoun Rotary Club, Lance was a staunch defender of a different status quo. According to the August 23, 1964, *Calhoun Times* he scored the accommodations and fair employment legislation then before Congress. "The so-called civil rights bill," he said, "is not a solution to the problem, but a step backward—not forward." He attacked anti-discrimination rules in hiring on the grounds that black unemployment was lower in Atlanta than in Northern cities. He quoted Atlanta banker John Sibley's verdict that blacks did better in the South, "where employment is voluntary." Lance also cited Louisiana black businessman S.B. Fuller's statement: "You see, the Negro people do not understand that they must own their own businesses. They must give jobs and not just ask for jobs. . . ."

"The crimes that you find in Harlem, for instance, are caused by the people of Harlem, and it's nobody's fault but the people of Harlem," Lance continued. He concluded with a suggestion "that the Negro, to participate fully in economic opportunities, not just share the jobs that the genius of others create,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN HAWKINS/SYGMA

Making it: Lance entered finance as a $90-a-week teller in his father's-in-law bank (top). The Lance estate in Calhoun, Ga., (bottom)

must develop sufficient genius himself to create job opportunities for others."

Lance probably was just reflecting the temper of his time and place; it was another instance of getting along by going along with the prevailing mores. Indeed, that is the excuse his friends offer for the state of his financial affairs. "Bert did nothing unusual for a banker," rationalizes Dick Kattel, president of Citizens and Southern, Atlanta's largest bank.

Kattel's comment typifies the reaction of his fellow Georgians to the attacks on Lance's integrity. They're mad about the "smears" as they call them, quoting Senator Ribicoff's line blaming the media for bringing the bad news. In Georgia it's hard to find a man who doesn't like Bert Lance. In Calhoun he's regarded as a latter-day F.D.R. on the local level. Bank president Atkins Henderson credits Lance with "helping the economy of this town escape its dead cotton past." Busy carpet plants now line one Calhoun street. Along the main road into town, against a backdrop of wooded mountains, there are ten fast food stops and a new shopping center. For better or worse, Calhoun looks like a little Atlanta, and Lance's bank largely financed the boom.

Around Calhoun, people are gratefully and relentlessly protective of Lance. Two reporters reading property records in the courthouse stir a stream of comments from local lawyers filing deeds and checking titles: "Why don't they leave him alone? When are they going to let this thing die?" Does Lance have *any* detractors in his hometown? "A few, but they're pretty quiet," answers Paul Mills, editor of the *Calhoun Times*. But Mills himself has printed virtually no stories on Lance's troubles.

The *Constitution* and the *Journal*, Atlanta's two daily papers, both owned by Anne Cox Chambers, Carter's ambassador to Belgium, have followed the current Lance story—with an aggressive attack on the investigation. *Constitution* editor Hal Gulliver says flatly: "Nothing can convince me that Bert isn't honest. The Comptroller of the Currency can study it all year and he won't find anything." Gulliver has attacked *New York Times* columnist William Safire, a former Nixon aide who broke much of the Lance story, as "one of the walking [Nixon] wounded . . . not important enough to go to jail." (In fact, Safire was never implicated in Watergate and Nixon's suspicious henchmen wiretapped his home phone because they thought he might be the press leak on the White House staff.) The *Constitution* has denounced the "lynch mobs" chasing Lance—and has not dispatched a single investigative reporter to Calhoun, only 75 miles away.

The paper's attitude reflects the mood of the Atlanta establishment. "A few members of the national press want to get Carter through Bert," charges banker Dick Kattel. He recently sent Lance a note: "Keep your chin up." It could have been a message from the entire Atlanta business community.

The Atlanta establishment insists that if Lance had stayed at NBG, the bank, which has had to write-off bad loans and indefinitely postpone dividend payments, would have prospered. Dan Pattillo, Lance's former partner at NBG, says the bank's new president, Robert Guyton, "will be good over the long run. But if Bert had stayed, we'd have been better off in the short run."

It seems likely that Lance's policies brought on NBG's present crisis. Pattillo has admitted that "with Bert, it was go for growth now and profits later." Thus Lance "ran up NBG's size by acquisition," according to Dick Kattel. In 1976, a Trust Company of Georgia official characterized Lance's bid of $4.8 million for Dalton banks, with $38 million in deposits, as "unreal." A former NBG employee who will talk frankly says: "After Bert wasn't at the bank very long, I was advised to sell my stocks. I was told that he was making a lot of bad loans—they weren't fully collateralized."

The business community's fiercest defense of Lance goes to his "basic integrity," as contractor Larry Gellerstedt expresses it. Lance's religious commitment is repeatedly cited as the best proof that he must be honest. "He's very religious," political consultant Bill Pope says. "He's a north-of-Georgia Methodist. He doesn't drink hard liquor or serve it in his home." (But Lance does compromise his principles a little: he is a member of the Chevaliers du Tastevin, a wine-tasting society, and a consumer of expensive wines.)

Lance, one is also told, is a regular Sunday School teacher. And he has a chapel in his Atlanta home. And he keeps a Bible on the desk in his office—though an NBG employee can remember him referring to it only once.

If Bert Lance is as good as Calhoun and Atlanta claim, then why are they saying all those nasty things about

him in Washington? What's *their* motive?

One theory down in Georgia is that he's the victim of a bureaucratic coup. As *Atlanta Constitution* pundit Bill Shipp sees it, Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal is jealous of Lance's greater influence with the President. The Comptroller of the Currency works for Blumenthal—and he's the one investigating Lance. But in fact, the Comptroller's office was gentle on Lance for months. Robert Bloom, the Acting Comptroller whose January letter to the Senate cleared Lance's Calhoun Bank of "violations" of the law in helping finance his 1974 campaign, was hoping to be promoted permanently to Comptroller when he delivered that verdict. And Jimmy Carter would make the decision. Bloom didn't get the job, though he's now general counsel in the Comptroller's office, and recently he said that what he meant was that Lance's bank committed "no *apparent* violations."

Lance has gotten other favorable breaks during the Comptroller's investigation. James Smith, who was Comptroller until August 1976, was forbidden by law from working for a bank for two years after his retirement. But he found a loophole; he became executive vice-president of the First Chicago Corporation, a bank *holding company*—one controlled by the First National Bank of Chicago, which had given Lance his $3.4 million loan. Thus, federal agents looking into the transaction were investigating their former boss's employer. Then, there is the strange handling of the Manufacturers Hanover memo tying Lance's loan from that bank to NBG's interest-free deposits. One source reports that the Comptroller had the memo for months, but withheld it from the FBI during its background check on Lance. The Comptroller's office has not responded to inquiries about the date it received the memo. And when the memo finally surfaced, it came from Lance, who had learned of it from the Comptroller. Lance called a press conference and put the best face on the matter. "It was as though Archie Cox had let Nixon announce and minimize the damning evidence," complains a disgruntled Carter Administration official.

The Comptroller's office apparently has been investigating seriously since John Heimann was sworn in officially as Comptroller on July 21. Actually, Heimann wasn't Treasury Secretary Blumenthal's choice for the job. Vice President Mondale had pushed him for the post. Mondale, who's perceived as Carter's in-house liberal, predicted privately in early August that Lance would resign. Of course these facts fit another devil theory popular among Lance's partisans. An Atlanta banker puts it bitterly: "The liberals are out to get Bert because he has good old fashioned walkin' around sense. He understands the businessmen's side of issues."

But in the end the issue of Bert Lance isn't liberal or conservative; it's legal and ethical. Lance may or may not face charges of some kind. There may or may not be a smoking pistol. But there is a lot of smoke rising off Lance's career.

• Assistant U.S. Attorney Jeffrey Bogart has said that the Calhoun Bank "was run like a piggy bank." In May 1971, Lance was warned that bank vice-president Billy Lee Campbell was approving questionable loans. Lance allegedly did nothing about it and over the next four years Campbell embezzled $994,000 through counterfeit loans. The Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company has refused to pay the insurance on the embezzled funds, charging in a federal court suit that Calhoun Bank officials "had actual knowledge of . . . fraudulent and dishonest acts" by Campbell. In 1975, as President of NBG, Lance granted Campbell personal loans totalling $250,000 to cover Campbell's overdrafts at the Calhoun bank. Campbell, is now serving an 8-year term for embezzlement in the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary.

• One reason Lance may have neglected the warning about Campbell in 1971 was that he was trying to do two jobs at once. To the surprise of many Georgians, he chose to remain Calhoun Bank president during his term as state highway chief. Governor Jimmy Carter claimed that he hadn't known of Lance's intentions, but he didn't press his highway commissioner to resolve the potential conflict of interest. Contractors could continue to surmise that it *might* help them to deposit money in Lance's bank. In April 1971, the Carter Administration announced a new plan for allocating Georgia's bank deposits which would raise state funds in Lance's bank from $150,000 to $452,000.

"Bert," says a friend, "has a tendency to leave messy details behind"

• Lance may have sympathized with Campbell's overdrafts because when Lance ran for Governor in 1974, his campaign relied on overdrafts on the Calhoun Bank to ease by money shortages. Larry Gellerstedt handled fundraising, but says he "didn't get involved in keeping our bank accounts. Bert handled that." Even if, as Lance has argued, he informed the board of directors that he could cover the overdrafts out of his savings account, they still constituted a no-interest loan from his bank to his campaign.

• The Comptroller of the Currency is also investigating whether Lance's 1974 campaign plane was supplied by the Calhoun Bank. On August 20, 1973, a story in the *Atlantic Constitution* reported that Lance was travelling the state "in the bank's spanky twin engine plane." By March 11, 1974, it had become "a $100,000 airplane he bought for the campaign," according to a *Constitution* story. "Bert has this thing about private planes," an NBG associate says. Lance insisted that NBG buy his Beechcraft from him in 1975 and trade it in for a better model to fly him around Georgia. In January 1977, after taking office as OMB Director, he used the plane on three personal trips for himself and his family; NBG sold it shortly after he left. Even as OMB Director, Lance has accepted rides on corporate airplanes owned by Cox Enterprises, Atlanta businessman Edward Elson, and Tennessee's United American Bank. (*Time* magazine, which originally broke this story, failed to note that Time, Inc., too, had offered Lance a free plane ride.)

• In addition to air travel, United American Bank provided Lance with a $443,000 loan after NBG had placed no-interest deposits there. The Manufacturers Hanover and First National Bank of Chicago loans, the two that were revealed initially, appear to be only the tip of the total of such loans. In 1973, for example, the Calhoun Bank formed a correspondent relationship with the Northwest Georgia Bank; a year later, Northwest Georgia lent Lance $140,000 during his gubernatorial campaign. Citizens and Southern has also lent Lance $185,000; it too has a correspondent relationship with NBG.

• Lance seems to have felt few qualms about commercially exploiting his relationship with Carter. NBG's 1975 annual report, issued in March 1976, when Carter was frontrunning for the Democratic nomination, featured two pages of text and pictures explaining how a "peanut producer in Southwest Georgia"—yes, Carter's Warehouse—"expects, with NBG's help, to double . . . production in 1976." Later that year, Lance told a reporter that he was fitting a phone call to him in between conversations with two important, non-Georgian industrialists; Lance's contacts as a Carter fundraiser and emissary to business were bringing in new depositors, so Lance established new NBG departments for national and international accounts. The cover of NBG's 1976 annual report said it with a picture: Bert Lance with Jimmy Carter and Walter Mondale.

• Finally, it appears that Lance may have misled the Senate about his financial arrangements. According to a banking source, NBG was already on the Comptroller of the Currency's list of "problem banks" at the time of Lance's confirmation hearings. If so, Lance knew that he could not dispose of his bank stock as he promised during the hearings except at a depressed price—or unless a kindly millionaire was willing to buy above market value. (Two of them

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have materialized recently: Franklin Haney, a friend of United American Bank executive Jake Butcher; and David Smith, Atlanta manufacturer of the Kosmos biorhythm pocket calculator whose encyclopedia and cut-rate buying firms are under investigation for consumer fraud. The Smith offer for Lance's stock was arranged by Arkansas financier Jackson Stephens, an Annapolis classmate of Jimmy Carter's and an early contributor to his presidential campaign.)

Lance also promised the Senate that he would "sever all connections with my present employers." But last March 29, he met in his OMB office with his NBG partner John Stembler and Robert Guyton, who was being recruited to succeed Lance as the bank's president. In an August 10, 1977, interview, NBG Director Dan Pattillo carefully emphasized that he and Lance were not talking about the bank's situation at all. But later in the same interview, he seemed to concede that they had discussed the bank's recent $2 million loss: "I told him the other day that the loss would have been on the last page of the *Constitution*, not the front page of the *Washington Post*"—if Lance was not at OMB.

Several Atlanta sources also claim that Lance's financial statement overvalued his houses in Atlanta and Sea Island, Georgia. In any case, unless a financial angel pays nearly twice the market price for Lance's stock—a generosity that would itself raise a new conflict of interest controversy—the OMB Director's net worth will have dropped by as much as $1.5 million since January to just over $1 million, or only three times the annual interest payments on his outstanding loans.

In his original financial statement for the Senate, Lance omitted $250,000 worth of debts from his 1974 campaign. "Why?" asked New York Senator Jacob Javits. Because it was an indirect liability, Lance answered. Though he was in fact personally liable for it, he hoped it would be repaid by a fundraising committee. Taken aback, Javits questioned whether Lance would participate in such fundraising while he was OMB Director. "No sir," Lance said. If necessary, he added, he could repay the sum readily from his net worth. The matter has not been raised since the January confirmation hearing. But if those campaign loans are counted among Lance's liabilities, his net worth now may actually be only twice his yearly interest payments.

Jimmy Carter has wanted to stand by Bert Lance. Phil Alston, the Atlanta superlawyer who is now Ambassador to Australia, told Larry Gellerstedt: "Jimmy counts on Bert and Kirbo [another Atlanta attorney, regarded as the wise older man of the Carter campaign] more than anyone else. They're not Boston bluebloods educated at Harvard. They still got dirt in their shoes. They're down to earth businessmen."

Carter advisor Gerald Rafshoon argues that "if Kirbo won't go into the government, Lance has to be here. Ham, Jody, Stu, they're all employees. But Bert's a success in his own right. Carter can trust him to give frank advice." Rafshoon recalls a meeting during Carter's gubernatorial term. At the end of the meeting, Carter dismissed the participants with a businesslike admonition to get back to work. Lance stayed behind. Why was he still there? Carter wondered. "You know," Lance shot back, "every once in a while you might say 'Thank you' to these people."

"Bert has had more influence with the President than any other Cabinet member," says Carter pollster Pat Caddell. And if Lance goes, there's no one who can really take his place, "who can stand up to Jimmy," as a Carter aide puts it. He adds that Carter doesn't respect most of the Cabinet: "Cyrus Vance is our Dean Rusk."

But Jimmy Carter did promise a "good, decent, honest government," and as Lance's problem worsened, the President distanced himself from his OMB Director. On July 8, Carter told Lance: "Don't worry about it." But by Sunday, August 14, Carter was doing the worrying. He "didn't want to know the details," to "become involved in the details." The President said he did "have enough confidence in Bert Lance to know that if any improprieties do exist, that he would take the initiative to step aside."

Dan Pattillo has seen Lance during this period: "He looks very, very tired. So does LaBelle." When Hal Gulliver talked to him, Lance mourned: "It's a hard price to pay for being in government." He doesn't think he has done anything wrong. He just followed the ethos of his time and place, of the quick buck boomriders of the sunbelt. As one of them puts it privately: "It's impossible to get rich without some shady maneuvering. I'd like to take lessons from Bert Lance."

Atlanta is a town of hype, of positive thinking, of rapid growth and gregarious optimism, Bert Lance's kind of town. There is a saying about the city: "If Atlanta could suck as hard as it can blow, the Chatahoochie would flow backwards."

When a real estate depression hit the city recently, says Larry Gellerstedt, "Lance's bank was hung out." Lance, like Atlanta, is a boom that went bust. The city, of course, will recover, and so may NBG. But Atkins Henderson, who wanted Lance back at the Calhoun Bank in 1974, guesses that for Bert, "it's all over." A go-getter ever since the first grade in Young Harris, Lance probably never paused along the way to glance at Gertrude Stein's warning: "When you get there, there isn't any there there."●

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SOAP HITS THE FAN

BY ARTHUR LUBOW

ABC (GINGERLY) BRINGS THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION TO PRIME-TIME TELEVISION

The sexual revolution is bubbling in the tube, even though the boil is so cautious that it sometimes seems fizzed out. But you must remember: only 25 years ago, the CBS censor forbade the star of *I Love Lucy* to tell her husband she was "pregnant"; grudgingly, he allowed her to be "expecting." In the vast wasteland of television, where married couples slept in twin beds and toilet paper was too embarrassing to be advertised, it was a miracle that Lucille Ball could conceive at all.

A generation later, viewers this fall will be treated to prime-time gigolos, adulterers, homosexuals, fornicators—all on a program that they will be expected to find funny. Television's elaborate pretense that human sexuality simply does not exist has gone the way of the rhythm method and the plain brown wrapper. Bit by bit, the video fig leaf has been peeled away.

It began, like so much else, in the late sixties, when on the variety show *Laugh-In*, a hairless actress could announce brightly: "I've never been bald on television before"—a double-entendre that slipped past the censor. The premiere of *All in the Family* in 1971 daringly showed a young married couple taking advantage of an empty house to go upstairs to make love. A couple of years later, divorcee Mary Richards on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* could stay out with men overnight. Sex was knocking on the door, and the pounding was growing louder. But entrance, when permitted, was always on a conditional visa. The moral climate of the home box remained chilly, a fact that the producers of *Phyllis*, a Mary Tyler Moore spin-off, discovered to their distress when they completed their very first show in 1975.

Phyllis, played by Cloris Leachman, was a widow living with her daughter Bess in San Francisco. In the show's opening episode, Bess goes on a skiing weekend. Phyllis calls Bess early in the morning; to her horror, a boy answers the phone. Has Bess slept with this boy? Unable to ask her daughter directly, Phyllis consults all of her own friends. At the end of the program, Phyllis is reconciled with Bess, but she still doesn't know: is her daughter a virgin?

In 1975, this was a problem that most parents of teen-aged girls could relate to. But at CBS, the show created panic. The CBS brass arranged a series of meetings with producer Ed Weinberger. The program was not acceptable; a new script must be substituted. When a New York honcho referred to the "Bess gets laid" episode, Weinberger blew up. There were dirty minds at work in CBS'

PHOTOGRAPH BY RON DE MILT

Black Rock headquarters, he said. This was a serious, sensitive examination of the generational communication gap.

All right, said the network, the program could be aired, but one change was mandatory. By the end of the half hour, the audience must know that Bess had not slept with the boy. No fornication had occurred. Weinberger backed down, the change was made, and the public's sensibilities were respected. A sexual theme had been considered, but only within the context of tube morality.

Morality is relative, of course. What is unforgivable in Boston is conventional in Bora Bora. The same is true of television. Throughout the afternoon on network soap operas, every permutation of copulation is permitted (off-camera); and Norman Lear's flagrant *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* and *Fernwood 2-Night* are palatable after 11 p.m. on non-network stations. The blue lines are drawn around the prime-time network hours, 8 to 11 p.m. These are thought to be the children's hours. The networks have even labeled 8 to 9 p.m. the "family hour," when sex and violence are verboten. Although a court decision declared this policy unenforceable, the networks continue to follow it. And during any prime-time hour, if sexual themes must be presented, the networks engage in elaborate contortions to avoid challenging their concept of conventional morality.

Those are the rules of the game. This fall, they will be broken. For ABC, fresh from its first triumphant year as the nation's most watched network, has decided to advance the frontiers of TV sex. Unwashed and unapologetic, the ABC sex farce *SOAP* will stride into the heart of prime-time territory—9:30 p.m. on Tuesday nights. It will, that is, if outraged pressure groups don't barricade its path. A carefully stoked PR controversy is threatening to become an out-of-control firestorm.

Early this year, ABC began to spread the word that an outrageous new comedy was in the works, one that would break down traditional broadcasting taboos. "*SOAP*," said ABC entertainment president Fred Silverman, "will be a breakthrough the way *All in the Family* was a breakthrough."

The network was deliberately stirring up controversy, for pre-season notoriety could only help the show . . . up to a point. By mid-July, after hostile articles had appeared in *Newsweek*, *Time*, the Los Angeles *Times* and local religious papers, ABC concluded that that point had been passed. Network executives—including censor Alfred Schneider, the vice president for broadcast standards and practices, and top programmer Silverman, who had brought the network from third to first place in two years—decided that ABC would give the show no further publicity until it premiered on September 13. The first two half-hour episodes of *SOAP*, which had been screened for managers of affiliate stations and press representatives two months before, were locked away. Everyone connected with the show's production was ordered not to utter a syllable to the press. The lid was on. An ABC publicity man lied to a reporter: there was no reason to visit Los Angeles, he said, since the third show wouldn't be taped until August and the *SOAP* crew was scattered across the country. Actually, the third *SOAP* episode went before the cameras on July 20; no reporter was permitted to join the studio audience. Panicking at the first volleys of criticism, ABC felt that even a modified limited hangout could be hazardous. The official company line: stonewall the press until September.

But a genie released from its bottle is difficult to control. The *SOAP* controversy will not wash away. ABC is discovering that sex, and especially sex on TV, remains a very volatile issue. On Madison and Sixth Avenues, ad agency reps and TV execs were suddenly amending their original predictions of *SOAP*'s success. *SOAP*, said NBC's chief programming executive privately, would start with a giant 50 share (half the television audience)—if ABC wasn't forced to yank it off the schedule. "If the program goes on the air, it will be successful," echoed advertising executive Steve Leff of McCann-Erickson.

What's new about *SOAP* is its concept: the heart of the show is located below the belt

From the start, ABC knew that getting *SOAP* on the air would be a slippery business. When Susan Harris, the writer of several well-regarded commercial flops (*Fay*, *Susan and Sam*, and *Loves Me, Loves Me Not*) brought her series concept to ABC a year and a half ago, everyone immediately recognized that this show could go through the roof—or cave it in. "It was recognized as being an innovative show," recalls network censor Schneider, in a characteristic gray-flannel understatement. "We were aware at the time that it would have to be done extremely well to be acceptable." Sexual problems and relationships have been explored before on prime-time television. All of the situations and aberrations in *SOAP* had been treated previously in different ways on different shows. What was new about *SOAP* was the program's concept: the heart of the show was located below the belt. It would be the first prime-time sex farce.

Like Norman Lear's *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, *SOAP* follows a continuing story line and features ordinary people who are the instigators and victims of bizarre events. The program focuses on two sisters, Jessica Tate and Mary Campbell. The wealthy Jessica is married to philandering Chester Tate, who is being blackmailed by his private secretary Claire. Claire and Chester have been lovers for 11 years, but it's not the affair that she's dangling over his head—it's his illegal manipulation of a trust fund, which she threatens to reveal to the authorities. Jessica and Chester have three children: the prudish Eunice, who turns out to be considerably less virginal than she appears; the promiscuous Corinne, who doesn't realize that the tennis pro she's sleeping with has made love to her mother; and the teen-aged Billy, a likable kid preoccupied with girls. ("I like naked ladies," Billy says. "I like to look at them. I like to be near them. And someday, given the opportunity, I hope to touch one of them.") The Tates share their house with Benson, a condescending black butler, and the Major, Jessica's father, who lost a few marbles during World War II. ("After breakfast, boy, maybe you'll sing a little song for me," the Major says cheerily to Benson.) As the wry, dry voice-over that opens the program observes, "The Tates have more secrets than they do money."

The Campbells keep up with the Tates—in secrets if not in money. Jessica's sister Mary is married to middle-class Burt, whose impotence apparently is grounded in guilt: he murdered Mary's first husband, a Mafioso. From that previous marriage, Mary has two sons: Danny, who talks in Sicilian on the telephone and meets "Godfather" in a sauna; and Jodie, who likes to wear his mother's dresses. ("Oh, you wear it belted," his mother says approvingly to Jodie. "It looks much better that way.") Although the program's producers describe him as gay, Jodie is clearly meant to be a transsexual—a subtle distinction that *SOAP* typically slides over. Jodie plans to have a sex-change operation so he can marry the football player he loves.

When he read the first two scripts, censor Schneider had one small suggestion: he wanted all explicit sexual, ethnic and religious quips to be deleted. Fred Silverman told Susan Harris and co-producers Paul Witt and Tony Thomas to concede Schneider a couple of points—to strike out a conversation about oral sex, for instance—but to ignore the rest. The first two episodes were taped as written. In early May those two episodes, along with pilots of other new ABC shows, were screened in Los Angeles for the network's affiliate stations. It was then that *SOAP* hit the fan.

Leo MacCourtney, the general manager of WOWK-TV in Huntington, West Virginia, sat at the *SOAP* screening

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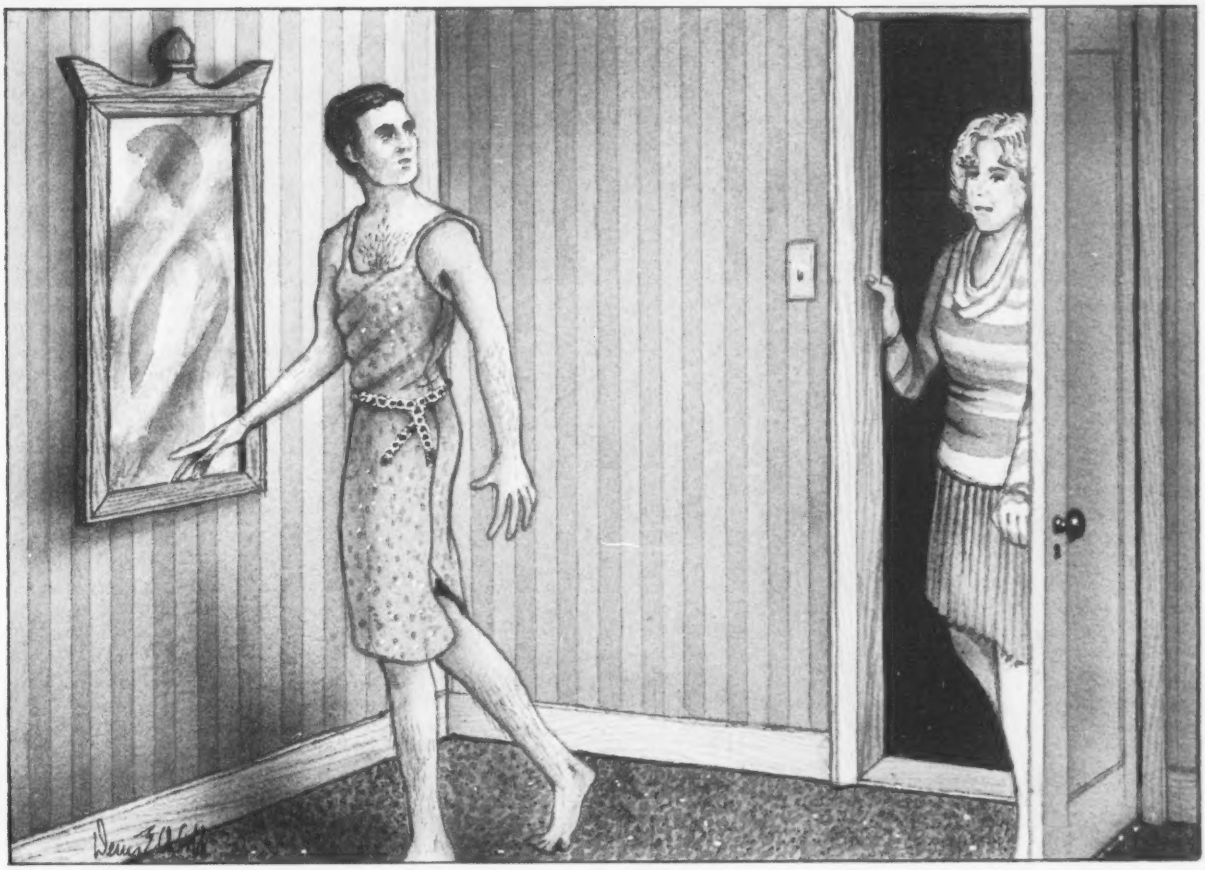


next to the wife of George Koehler, the president of WOWK's parent company. In the middle of the first episode, about the time that Jessica was shown in bed with her tennis instructor, MacCourtney leaned over and whispered, "Jane, I'm embarrassed to be sitting next to you." Later he discussed the show with George Koehler. "This program is harmful," MacCourtney said. "It attacks basic human moral principles. Young people watching it will think, 'I guess it's ok to sleep around, I guess it's ok to be a transvestite.' I don't think this program should be on television." Koehler said that although he was sure the show would be a hit, to him the first two episodes were "an hour-long dirty joke, and it's just not television's role to walk into someone's living room and tell a dirty joke." Koehler and MacCourtney decided that WOWK would not broadcast *SOAP*. In its place Koehler bought reruns of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. The substitute package cost $400,000.

There are 191 ABC affiliate stations throughout the country. Like all local stations, they are empowered by the Federal Communications Act to select their own programming. During the prime-time evening hours, when commercial minutes sell for the most money, the affiliates normally air their network's line-up. In return, they receive the revenue from one commercial minute for each hour. If a station objects to a network program, however, it can substitute other material. When that happens, the network show loses some of its audience and (because popular programs earn more money for commercials) some of its advertising dollars. If enough stations refuse to air a show, the network begins losing profits and is forced to develop a new product.

One small affiliate's refusal to clear *SOAP* didn't make much of a splash. Soon a couple of other stations announced their displeasure but both were special cases. Dale Moore, who owns KMVT-TV in Twin Falls, Idaho, thought the show was "a deliberate effort by a basic cadre of people in Hollywood who are trying to foist their aberrant behavior and their odd-damn beliefs on the American public." He said he wouldn't carry *SOAP*, but it all became academic when, for unrelated reasons, he switched his network affiliations on July 1.

The other early denial of clearance came from WJZ-TV in Baltimore. Station manager Stephen Kimatian thought the first two episodes were "insensitive in their treatment of mental illness, sex, old age, ethnicity and religion." As the one ABC affiliate among Group W stations, WJZ was in a unique position. Group W has a petition before the Federal Communications Commission to break the networks' stranglehold on television programming. Although he denies that WJZ's *SOAP* decision is part of Group W's attack on the networks' programming policies, the company's chief executive, Donald McGannon, agrees that "to the extent that it dramatizes the issue, it is related." He adds: "One of the aspects about the whole process that bugs me is that it's so mechanical. If you want to program a successful show, you give it lots of action or give it lots of material that will turn the 18–39 audience on like crazy. That's not a valid attitude." WJZ has announced that it will not carry the first two episodes of *SOAP* but will review subsequent installments as they become available.

By early August, nine stations had said they would not clear the show. The other ABC affiliates viewed *SOAP* with nervous excitement. Their position resembled Chester's attitude toward adultery: if you can get away with it, it's fabulous. Hit shows don't come along every day, so most local stations didn't worry about community reaction to *SOAP*—at least not until the press began to bad-mouth it.

A controversial show, says Norman Lear, needs two allies: high ratings and good reviews. The ratings outlook for *SOAP* remains good; but after the initial two episodes were screened for

SOAP stars: Advance reviews have been bubbly; it's who—and what (gigolos, adulterers, transsexuals)—they are portraying that is giving the critics and church groups fits

the press in June, the critical prospects soured. Although *SOAP* made many critics chuckle, it didn't make them happy.

The opening fusillade caused the greatest damage. In a mid-June article headlined "99 and 44/100% Impure," *Newsweek* gave *SOAP* a drubbing. "What *SOAP* is primarily selling is sex, and with a harder core than any sitcom has ever dared," *Newsweek* announced. The article proclaimed that *SOAP* is "so saturated with sex that it could replace violence as the PTA's Video Enemy No. 1." It criticized the acting (which other observers have justifiably praised) and quoted complaints from two of the disgruntled affiliates. And, most damaging of all, it outlined some of the stories that *SOAP* watchers could look forward to: among them the attempt by Jessica's promiscuous daughter Corinne to seduce a Jesuit priest in church.

As Robert Scheer soon revealed in his Los Angeles *Times* series on television, *SOAP*'s priestly temptation was only the first chapter in a long-range plot guaranteed to outrage the Catholic Church: Corinne succeeds in seducing Father Flotsky, an unconventional young priest who wants to update the Mass by replacing the traditional wafers with Oreos. To live with Corinne, Father Flotsky leaves the Church. Corinne becomes pregnant, and eventually their baby undergoes an exorcism.

The Father Flotsky subplot was never approved by the network. Indeed, Al Schneider says he doesn't even remember hearing about it until it appeared in the press (although a memo from his office deeming the pregnancy, exorcism and Oreos "unacceptable" makes his disclaimer not completely convincing). But ABC did confirm the story of Corinne's temptation of the priest, and that alone was hot enough to light a fuse that is still burning.

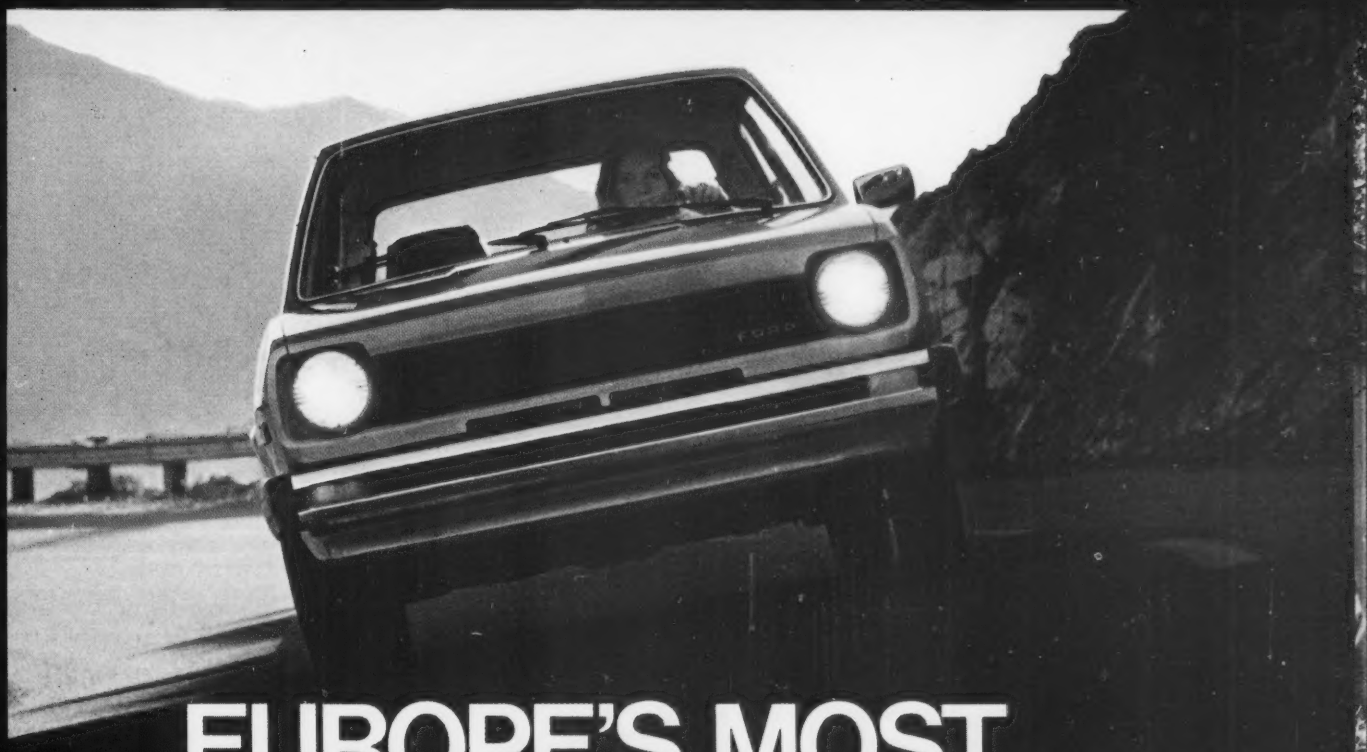
The first sputters came from *The Tidings*, a Catholic newspaper in Los Angeles. Solely on the basis of the *Newsweek* article, the *Tidings* editorial declared that *SOAP* "should not be shown at any time." It accused ABC of "aiming to make a lot of money out of degeneracy." With this "outrage," it said, ABC was "casually desecrating every value sacred to Catholics. . . . The sacrilege of it is incomprehensible; to defile the sacred for the sake of a cheap show." *The Tidings* called on Catholics "to protest in the strongest terms" before the show was allowed on the air.

Other religious groups swiftly followed, all raising holy hell. A writer in the Denver *Catholic Register* (who, unlike the *Tidings* editor, had seen the show) found that *SOAP* left "a bitter taste" in her mouth—"the taste of contempt for human life." The Board of Rabbis of Southern California cried out "in moral anguish at this affront to our spiritual sensibilities." (Rabbi Harry Essrig, who wrote the Board's statement, admitted he hadn't seen the program: "My reactions are based on what we've read. It doesn't make any difference whether we've seen it, does it? We are addressing ourselves to the idea of the show.") The Christian Life Commission of the Southern Baptist Convention asked ABC "to cancel this morally reprehensible program." The U.S. Catholic Conference issued a position paper attacking *SOAP*. Says Father Patrick Sullivan: "It's not sex, it's not violence on television that's at issue. It's the whole value system that's being transmitted."

On a still broader front, the United Church of Christ officially condemned "the use of gratuitous violence and the exploitation of sex in television programming." The Rev. Dr. Everett Parker, director of the church's Office of Communication, says he is "concerned that *SOAP* is the opening wedge for the explicit denigration of sex into a real commodity that can be packaged with a ribbon on it and sold to people who are themselves made commodities by television."

SOAP's long-range plot included a priest who wants to replace communion wafers with Oreos

"The thing that *kills* me," says Parker, gesturing abruptly, "is that broadcasting had the chance to do something really responsible. They're getting out of violence. If they wanted to move into explicit treatment of sex, they had a chance to move into it on a very high level. Instead they say, 'These stupes out there, all we can give them is snigger stuff, because they're so damn *stupid* that they won't spend the money for the toothpaste or the mind-killing drugs unless we give them this stuff.'" Parker's United Church of Christ is urging local groups to pressure community television stations for "more acceptable program



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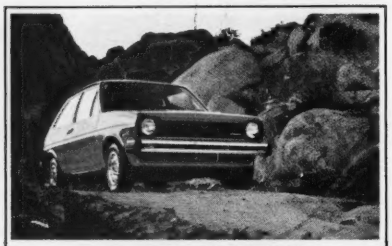

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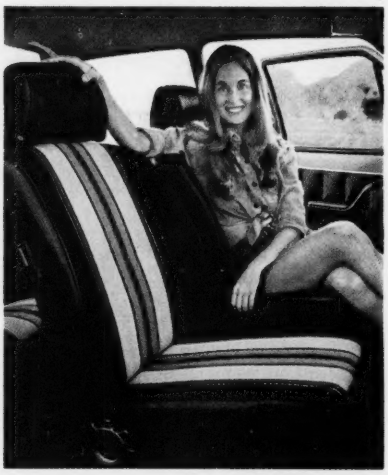

luggage space, and a fold-down back seat that creates added loading room, *and* a convenient floor-to-roof rear hatch door. There's even an extra concealed storage compartment beneath the floor for valuables.

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Pictured above & opposite page, upper left: Contoured bucket seats and instrumentation of the Fiesta Sport.
Upper right: Versatile rear hatch gate area of the Fiesta Ghia.

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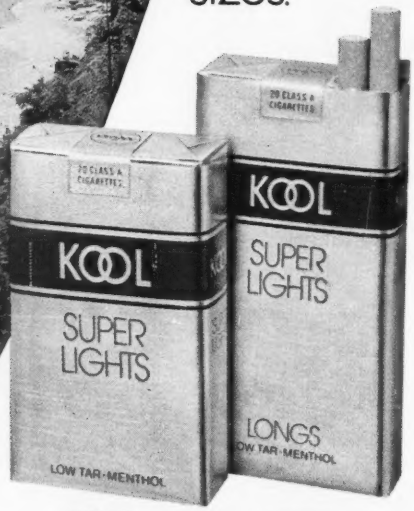

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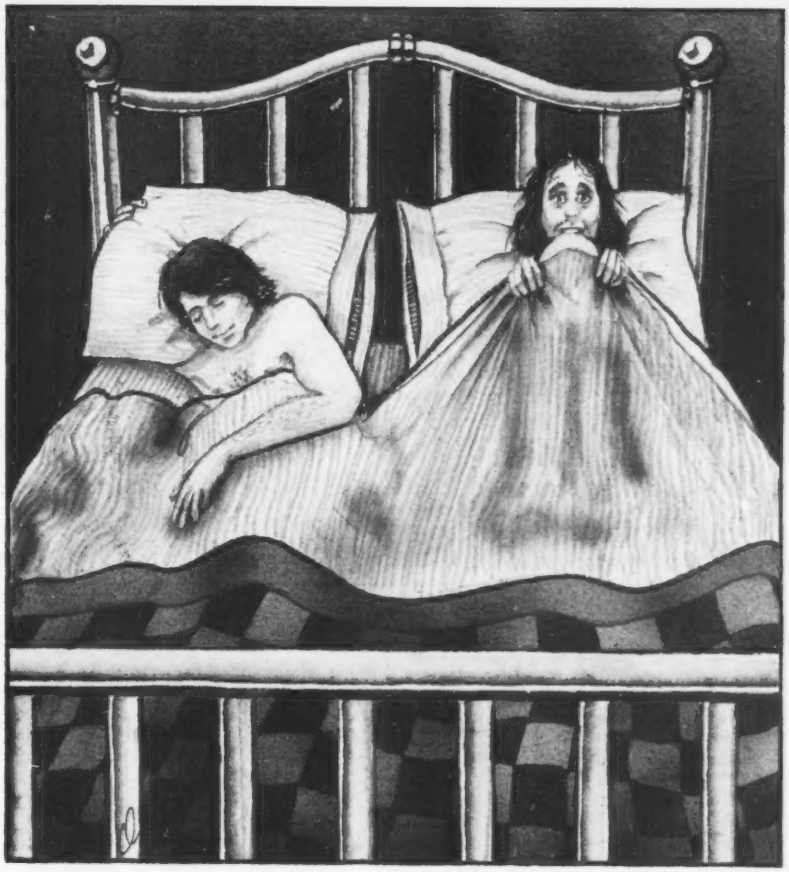
services."

When the churches start rumbling, the networks put their ear to the ground. No one has forgotten that the *Maude* abortion episodes generated an unprecedented 250,000 letters—the amount of correspondence that a network normally receives in a year. Although video violence has attracted recent attention, it's religion and morality that people get passionate about. "It's organized groups that are complaining about violence," says Herminio Traviesas, NBC's vice-president of broadcast standards. "The public is concerned about sex. Our letters complain twice as much about sex as about violence." And while the letters protesting violence are usually part of an organized campaign, most complaints about sex are spontaneous. "What is really of concern to a lot of people is how we portray changing moral values," says CBS top censor Van Gordon Sauter, a burly, bearded man whose dress style falls midway between Hollywood and Boulder. "Most people perceive them as changing in a very negative way, and they think that television is contributing to or at least condoning this change."

Sponsors don't like to be associated with programs that make people angry. When ministers on the pulpit last spring began denouncing the upcoming NBC special, *Jesus of Nazareth*, General Motors hastily withdrew its sponsorship from what everyone later agreed was a tasteful, respectful, 50-share show. Pressured by the PTA and the National Citizens' Committee for Broadcasting, big-spending sponsors such as Bristol-Myers, Kodak and Proctor & Gamble are now refusing to buy commercial time on shows they consider excessively violent. They are sure to be even queasier about programs they think are too sexy. "What it boils down to is that all that sex is going to be a problem for heavy advertisers on *SOAP*," says Joel Segal, senior vice-president of the Ted Bates Agency. "They are going to get a lot of static from vociferous groups."

When advertisers sneeze, the networks catch cold—or cold feet. ABC watched with alarm as the *SOAP* controversy spread out of control. Like a man with an oversized bonfire, Fred Silverman made frantic efforts to keep the flames from reaching his house. Because midwestern stations, which run network programs an hour early, expressed anxiety about airing *SOAP* at 8:30, Silverman gave them an unprecedented option of flip-flopping *SOAP* with *Family*, the show that normally follows it. The uproar continued. ABC then cut off all *SOAP* publicity, but that wasn't enough, either. Even without new fuel, the heat kept coming. Network executives began worrying that the program would have to be moved out of prime-time, or even canceled outright. Affiliate stations were holding up their clearances, uncertain what to do. Something had to be done to save *SOAP*.



On July 15, Fred Silverman made his pitch. In a closed-circuit transmission to the managers of ABC affiliate stations, he explained how the program's story line would develop over the next few months. And he drew a message from it. "We certainly do not intend *SOAP* to be a model of human behavior for the American family," he said. "We're dealing with human foibles and imperfections in such an exaggerated way that the clear message is not 'do what they do,' but 'laugh, enjoy, and learn what not to do.'" There was, he said, "one point I want to underscore. . . No character in *SOAP* is ever rewarded for immoral behavior. And, in the final analysis, there will always be retribution for such behavior. This socially redeeming aspect of *SOAP* becomes clear as the story unfolds from week to week."

"It's just not television's role to walk into someone's living room and tell a dirty joke," says one affiliate owner

Silverman's guest on the show, censor Alfred Schneider, revealed that he had met for six hours the day before with writer Susan Harris to go over script material. "We have required changes including entire sections," he said. "We are seeing to it that we are maintaining standards, that we are avoiding needless, gratuitous, offensive material—and primarily, we are not exploiting."

Although Schneider didn't specify the changes, they were not quite as dramatic as he had implied. They were nibbles rather than big bites, mostly deletions of explicitly sexual remarks or innuendos. The scene of Jessica in bed with the tennis pro was retaped with her standing near, but not in, the bed. In the original, as soon as Jessica leaves the bedroom, her daughter Corinne appears at the other door. It's basic sex-farce material. "Get your clothes off," Corinne says with a grin. Or so she said. Now she merely embraces him. "You'll get the point," says Bill Turner, chairman of the ABC-TV affiliates association. "You don't have to draw the road map."Another excised remark is made by Mary Campbell when her son Jodie tells her he is planning to have a sex-change operation. "It's not like getting a haircut, Jodie," she warns him. "It doesn't grow back." A second Jodie joke out the window was delivered by Eunice. "You thieving little fruit," she screams, when

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she sees her gay cousin wearing her scarf. "If I ever catch you in my drawers. . . " "That'll be the day," leers Benson the butler. (Censor Schneider maintains he missed the double-entendre when he first reviewed the show.) Some of the deleted lines are funny, some are not. But clearly, the change of a few dialogue bits doesn't recast the character of the show. "I think the blue subject matter is kind of the show's raison d'être," says Leo MacCourtney of WOWK-TV. "You take that away and what have you got? I don't see how they can substantially alter it."

Although modifications of the two completed episodes were fairly minor, radical surgery is being performed on the program's story line. Father Flotsky doesn't fall for Corinne; as Silverman describes it, he "resists temptation and stays true to his vows." Jodie, who never has his sex change operation, "eventually meets a girl and suddenly finds himself in the middle of an identity crisis." The insults exchanged between characters are being diluted. Says one observer of the third episode: "The heart has been cut out. As a result of the pressure, a lot of the volatile issues have been softened. There is an acceptance by many of the characters of the foibles of the others. For example, Jodie is accepted as a homosexual. The comedy is based on somebody being a homosexual and somebody not accepting it. If he is a homosexual and everyone accepts it, that's not funny."

The changes will make *SOAP* less real as well as less funny. "From what I hear, an avowed gay is going to fall in love with a girl and go straight," says Norman Lear. "That's the network forcing its will on the creators. They're forcing the creative people, who should know better, to rewrite human behavior."

Lear knows all about network pressures. "I've gotten about a dozen 'proceed at your own peril' letters over the years," he recalls. He's a little worried that he might get another one over the first *All in the Family* episode of the new season, but so far he's been able to avoid it. The current controversy provides some insight into the sorts of things the networks don't like. On the program, Edith and Archie visit the home of Edith's favorite cousin, a spinster schoolteacher who has just died. Since Edith is the only living relative, she and Archie inspect the modest inheritance. The most valuable object is a silver tea service. When the cousin's roommate of 25 years, another schoolteacher, asks if she can keep the tea set as a memento, Edith is confused. She eventually discovers that her cousin and this woman had been lovers all those years.

Two lines made the network uneasy. First, Edith asks Veronica, the schoolteacher, "I wonder why she never said nothing about it?" "Do you think they would have allowed us to be schoolteachers if they knew?" Veronica replies. "Why not?" says Edith. "I mean, that don't affect the brain, does it?" The second problem line is spoken by Archie who, predictably, is furious when he hears that Edith is allowing Veronica to keep the $2,000 tea set. "God is sitting in judgment on this, Edith," he says, shocked by the news of lesbianism in the family. "Maybe He is," Edith answers, "but He's God and we're not."

The network objects to these lines because they come too close to the dispute between gay liberation groups and such anti-gay organizations as Anita Bryant's Save Our Children in Miami. CBS doesn't want to get involved. "Everyone in America could tell you what Archie's reaction and Edith's reaction would be," says Lear, who is sticking to his guns. "All we are doing is faithfully following how these people would react. I'm terribly aware that we are into a subject that is on people's minds today. It's the whole reason for doing it—because it's touching people's lives. Provocative theater is not to be dismissed simply because it's provocative."

Significantly, what is forbidden on *All in the Family* is permitted on the new *Laugh-In* show, returning this fall to NBC. "Anita Bryant is a walking punch line," says *Laugh-In* producer George Schlatter. One of his skits features four Miami cops in drag singing "I Enjoy Being a Girl" in front of a blow-up of Anita. Things that will be approved in one format can be vetoed in another. Everyone thinks that his own specialty suffers the cruelest censorship. "In variety we are just doing jokes, so they are much more restrictive than in a situation comedy," Schlatter complains. "*Maude* can do a show on abortion. But I tried to have a nun say, 'All the people who are for abortion have already been born,' and we're still fighting on that one."

"TV doesn't show two people screwing," says one ad man. "Their whole game is innuendo"

Dramatic shows have different problems. David Rintels, the president of the Writers Guild of America, creates political dramas. "With comedy you can do things you can't do in drama, because comedy talks about things without showing them," he says. "It's less threatening. People don't get bitten by rats and go hungry on *Sanford and Son*. And they've got a built-in laugh track which is a disclaimer for the network."

Although Schlatter believes varie-

ty shows are worst off and Rintels picks drama, most disinterested observers say the toughest problems are faced by comedy. "Comedies are more controversial," says NBC censor Traviesas. "If you take a sexual theme and deal with it dramatically, you can understand why boy meets girl, boy falls in love with girl, and they go to bed together. But if you do a comedy and make fun of sex, the public seems to get irritated. A perfect example was doing an abortion on *Maude*. It's not a funny thing to a lot of people, and it came out as a red flag." Audiences are more tolerant of characters who appeal to their emotions. "In the use of language, we try to develop a character before we use even a word like 'hell' or 'damn,'" says Traviesas. "If you use the word up-front, people will be turned off by it."

There are some words that Traviesas will never use. "I have a joke that I'm slowly creeping up to 'crap,'" he smiles. "The big F and the big S words we don't use." Decorated in Scandinavian-modern motel furniture, Traviesas' office is an island of middle America in Manhattan. A small gold angel, a picture of his wife and a glass jar of hard candies sit on his desk. A vigilant watchdog, Traviesas makes sure that the network doesn't go too far too fast. He is rather puritanical about sex. "If you're going to have a bedroom scene, don't do it shockingly," he says. "Don't show motions in bed that can be construed as copulation. Don't show the girl coming in wearing a diaphanous gown. That's erotic." Traviesas has words of praise for the ABC show *Family*, which presented an episode on the daughter's first menstrual period. "It was beautifully handled," he says. "Beautiful. Not a bit of eroticism in it." In television, the final refuge of Victorianism, eroticism is the great no-no. "I have coined the expression: 'At NBC, we don't show frontal, backal or sidal nudity,'" Traviesas says. "Although I squirm a little—we *are* showing more backal nudity. The question is how far down we can go." Anything that seems even slightly "erotic" is beyond the pale—at least on NBC, which is much more straitlaced than ABC. Executives from both NBC and CBS say they would not have accepted *SOAP*. Both networks passed on another risqué ABC show, *Three's Company*. Too sexy.

The censor's identification of what is "erotic" includes much material that wouldn't get a rise out of a victim of satyriasis. Yet in another sense, television's definition of sex is distressingly narrow. "To people in television, sexuality is what you do in the bedroom at night with a certain person," says Liz Roberts, director of the Project on Human Sexual Development. "But sexuality includes affection, intimacy, what kind of lifestyle you choose, expression of vulnerability. Unfortunately, a drive

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against sex on television is only going to reinforce the idea that sex is a bad thing. I would hate to see the television industry get into the position of counting sexual episodes on a program. It's like counting orgasms in a bedroom and thinking that's all you need to know about sex."

And indeed, the tabulators are waiting, fingers poised on adding machines. Professor Eli Rubinstein of the State University of New York at Stony Brook recently completed a content analysis of 61 television shows. Penetrating the clouds of controversy that surround the issue of sex on television, he came to a surprising conclusion: there isn't any sex on television. While violence is often depicted in graphic detail, sex is sometimes discussed but never portrayed.

"The thing about television is they don't show two people screwing," says Joel Segal of Ted Bates. "What they do is talk about things that are far more obscene. Their whole game is innuendo." Professor Rubinstein found that because the 8 to 9 p.m. "family hour" has pushed violent, police-action shows back to later times, "family hour" shows contain the most instances of just such "verbalization and innuendo." His study is the first survey of sex conducted in the manner of the violence counts popularized by George Gerbner of the University of Pennsylvania.

Norman Lear, for one, thinks that the catch phrase "sex and violence" has confused the public into equating two very different entities. He has no intention of avoiding either subject, but he finds the idea of ignoring sex especially ridiculous. "If you're talking about marriages, how the hell—and I started to say, 'how the fuck'—can you avoid talking about sex?" he asks. But Lear's programs are exceptional. The standard approach to sex on television comedies might have been written by a 12-year-old boy: if you listen carefully, behind the laugh track you can hear an embarrassed giggle. When a producer attempts to treat sex seriously, he is often blocked. CBS' refusal to air a tasteful *New Dick Van Dyke Show* episode about a child who sees his parents making love drove producer Carl Reiner out of television in 1974.

Most television producers use sex to titillate, not to inform; sex is becoming the functional equivalent of violence. "The fact that violence is going off the air and the networks are in a ratings battle means that sex will be the next subject to be dealt with in an extensive manner," says Michael Lepner of Benton & Bowles. Adds ad man Joel Segal: "With the trend away from violence, what do you do for excitement? Sex."

In the ecology of television, a successful show breeds a flock of imitators; the herd grows and grows until it exhausts the supply of public interest. It then dies out and a new species appears. "If *SOAP* is successful, the producers for comedies elsewhere will go to the other networks and say, 'They're doing it there. Why can't we do it here?'" CBS censor Sauter says ruefully. "There's no doubt about it: there will be more and more sex on television," says Traviesas. "My job gets tougher all the time."

Sex has the Zeitgeist on its side. Several years ago, Michael Arlen in *The New Yorker* analyzed what he called "the media dramas of Norman Lear." He suggested that television comedy had evolved from one-liners to more elaborate jokes to family situations, and that it had now reached a new stage: "media dramas" based on "the commonality that seems to have been created by television itself, with its outpouring of casual worldliness and its ability to propel . . . vast, undifferentiated quantities of topical information, problem discussions, psychiatric terminology, and surface political and social involvement through the national bloodstream." Perhaps the purest Lear form is the most recent *Fernwood 2-Night*, a talk show parody in which fictional characters, freed of the encumbrance of the sitcom format, talk directly to an audience. Lear shows, like *All in the Family*, *Maude* and *Sanford and Son*, feed off the sixties preoccupation with politics, especially the civil rights, feminist and student movements.

"Provocative theatre," says Norman Lear, "shouldn't be dismissed just because it's provocative"

In these days of est, *Passages*, gay liberation and sex therapy, shows like *SOAP* which explore human sexual relationships seem inevitable. The prototype for *SOAP* is *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, the late night Lear soap opera that no network would buy. Yet despite *SOAP*'s obvious debt to *Mary Hartman*, the two shows are fundamentally different. "*Mary Hartman* always stopped for truth and reality," says Lear. "It was never intended to be farce. It was intended to be outrageous and funny and very, very real." *SOAP*, on the other hand, is a barrage of put-downs and one-liners, presented without dramatic relief.

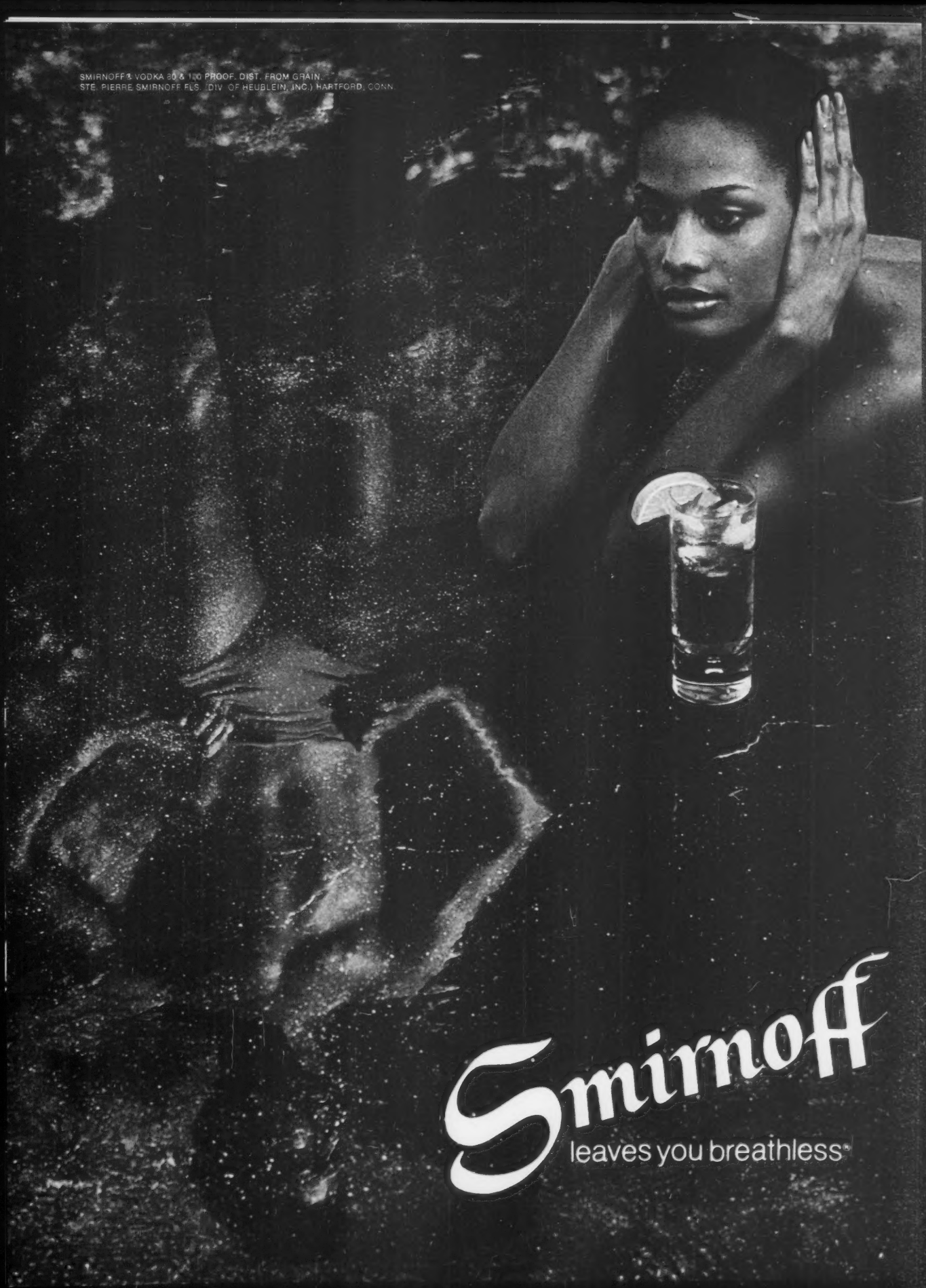
In a cultural medium that measures success by audience ratings, the *SOAP* controversy is argued morally but will be determined financially. In the end, the viewers will decide. The network's challenge is to produce a show that will appease the pressure groups without losing the mass audience. It is possible that ABC, in its eagerness to make *SOAP* less controversial, will breathe in so much human warmth that the program's icy, brittle structure will melt into a soggy, unappealing lump. Should that happen, it will be because the show's producers, in their eagerness to make a megabuck, declined to defend their original concept.

The prospect of enormous wealth dominates the producers' horizon. Already Columbia Pictures Television has bought *SOAP*'s foreign distribution rights for an estimated $25,000 an episode; Columbia Pictures TV senior vice-president Norman Horowitz calls it "probably the largest deal in the history of rights acquisitions in television." One industry observer predicts that if the program is a smash, it could gross $500,000 an episode in syndication rights by 1984. Assuming there are 100 episodes, that would produce $50 million, leaving the three producers with about $25 million in profits to hack up among themselves.

That golden carrot represents ABC'c ultimate weapon. The three networks' enormous power follows from their strategic location. They stand directly between a fledgling producer and a mansion in Beverly Hills. They have all the clout. "Clout does not come from having a lot of shows on the air," Norman Lear observes sadly. "I have several ideas I can't get the networks to go with, not even to make a pilot. When you talk about power, you have to talk about an audience of 240 million people and three theaters. That's power. We independent producers don't have power. All the power we have is to say, no. That's the only clout we have."

The producers of *SOAP* just can't say no. Unlike Lear, they have not created a show to be proud of, a program that one can be morally righteous about. They have come up with a half-hour that is cleverly staged and mostly amusing. Talking to ABC executives about the fight to put *SOAP* on the air, you might be reminded of the court battle to get Joyce's *Ulysses* past the Boston censor. That is a misleading analogy. The struggle to get pubic hair in *Playboy* is more like it.

SOAP is no great artistic achievement. The dialogue is better than most TV writing but not as clever as the top Lear or MTM work. The characters are fairly trite and, in a couple of cases, downright offensive. But *SOAP*'s key contribution will be its legacy. If it survives (which it will) and isn't neutered (which it probably will be), its major accomplishment may be preparing the ground for other shows that explore sexual questions in a more sophisticated way. If *SOAP* is very successful, it will surely breed imitators. Its long-range influence depends on its ratings. To find out whether *SOAP* will be a major chapter or merely a footnote in television history, you will have to wait to read the bottom line.●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ESP GOES STRAIGHT

By David Black

Serious researchers are increasingly interested in parapsychology. Our writer didn't do so well on his ESP tests, but he found a man who can peer through walls

With Ping-Pong balls on my eyes

"It would really be easier to hook you up if we could just drill holes in your skull and plug you into the machines," said Blue Harary.

Blue is a research associate at the Division of Parapsychology and Psychophysics at Maimonides Medical Center in Brooklyn, New York, one of the most respected parapsychological laboratories in the United States. He parted my hair with a flourish, like Moses parting the Red Sea. Then he rubbed acetone onto my scalp until I had a penny-sized sting burning into my head.

"We use the acetone," Blue said, "to get rid of any grease or oil."

I felt like a dirty pot being scrubbed in a Brillo commercial.

"It helps the electrodes make contact," he said, rubbing the acetone now on my earlobe, which, numbed from the substance, felt like it was a drop-shaped icicle, about to snap off.

Blue prepared three contact spots on each side of my head: earlobe, temple and the back of the skull; then he filled the electrodes, which looked like little gold cups, with electrode paste and pressed them onto the raw spots he had cleaned with the acetone. Attached to each electrode was a wire. Blue had me hold the wires to make sure they weren't accidently yanked loose.

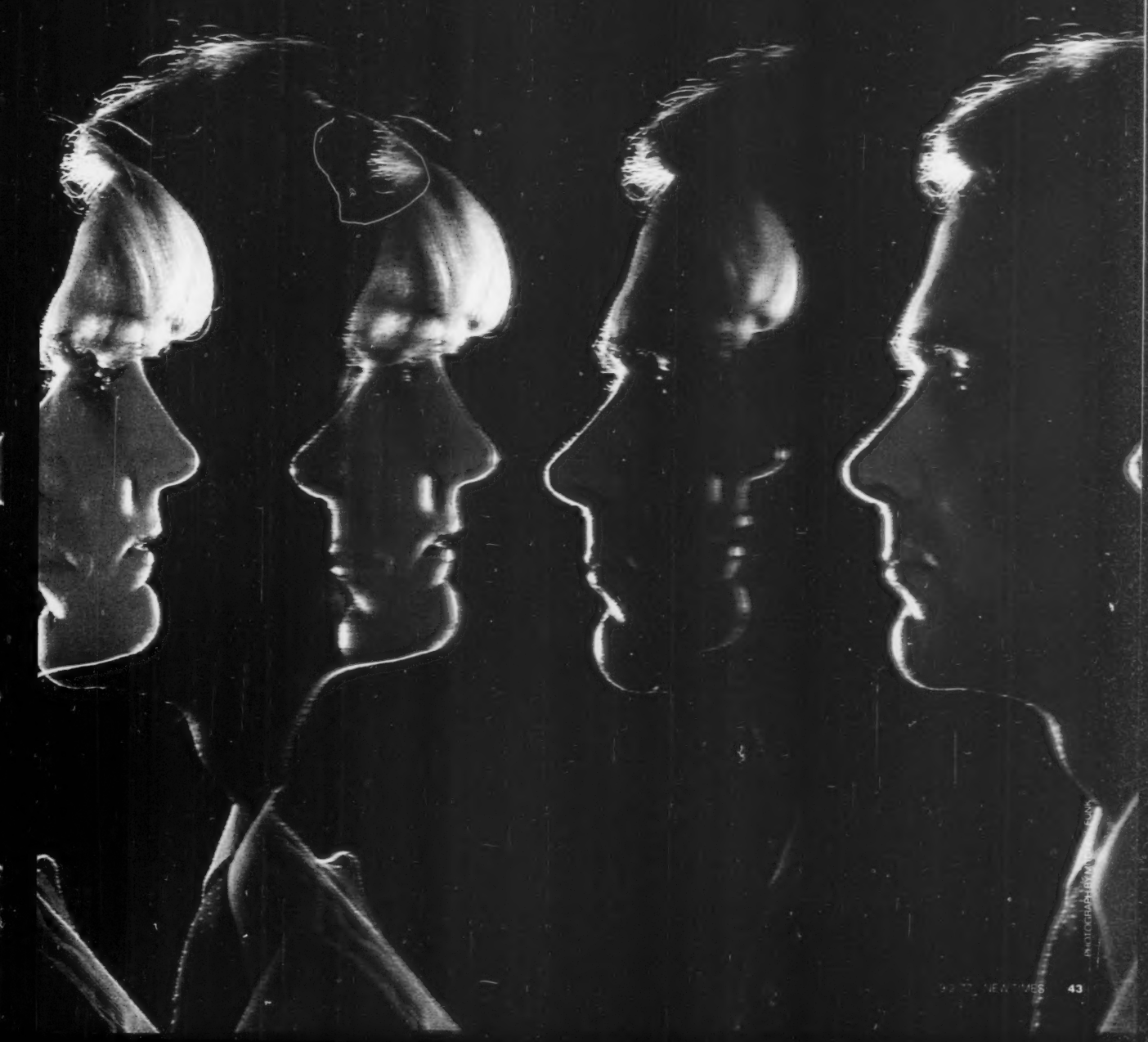
"These electrodes are for the EEG [electroencephalograph]," Blue

said; "they monitor your brain wave activity. The clips on your earlobes act as grounds."

He rubbed my brow with acetone, and the odd icy sensation made my forehead feel suddenly brittle and transparent, like a window into my brain, a glass that was about to shatter, letting the cold wind of consciousness escape out into the laboratory. Or, worse, letting something alien waft in.

Despite the seriousness of the Psi Labs experiments and the earnestness of my own interest, the whole procedure evoked the same kind of jocularity that marked the picnics in cemeteries I used to go on in high school, a sacrilegious bravado. Even though Blue has had long exposure to the paranormal—he has had numerous apparent psychic experiences ever since he was a child and he has worked in various professional capacities with the American Society for Psychical Research in New York City and the Psychical Research Foundation in Durham, North Carolina, for the past half decade ever since he was a student at Duke University—and even though I was more than half-willing to believe in telepathy, we both still reacted to the situation with a defensive humor that tended to undercut the gravity of what we were doing. We were, after all, probing the unknown; and, like kids riding through a carnival funhouse, we were keyed up to laugh, rather than scream, at the unnatural things we hoped to find.

I had come to the Psi Lab at Maimonides Hospital, a complex of eight offices and experiment rooms, in the basement of Maimonides' Mental Health Center—to get to it you press a button in the elevator marked "C," presumably for *cellar*, not *consciousness*—to be tested for my telepathic abilities. If I showed any talent for mentally perceiving at a distance target pictures placed in another room, I would become one of about 20 subjects in an experiment designed to study the physiological states—the brain wave patterns, muscle tension and body temperature—associated with apparent psychic activity. If it turned out that certain physiological states tended to occur whenever a subject seemed to be exercising extrasensory perception, then—the assumption is—those subjects could be trained to control their psi abilities by learning how to generate those particular physiological states.



Brand Loyalties Shaken By Taste Impact Of Low Tar Merit.

MERIT taste delivery switching high tar smokers away from age-old favorites.

There is a taste alternative to high tar cigarettes.

Modern technology created it.

Tests proved it.

And smokers are confirming it.

Today most MERIT smokers are coming from high tar cigarettes—many from brands they had been loyal to for years.

Yet they're switching to—and sticking with—MERIT.

The reason is a real advance in tobacco technology that resulted in a way to boost natural tobacco flavor without the usual corresponding increase in tar.

LOW TAR-'ENRICHED FLAVOR'

It's called 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

MERIT and MERIT 100's were both packed with this special tobacco. And taste-tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

And you can taste it.

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Kings: 8 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76
100's: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT

Kings & 100's

"For example," said Blue, "if every time you get a direct hit, every time you accurately visualize the target in the other room, your temperature—say—drops to 98.2, then, using a biofeedback machine, you can learn to make your temperature drop to 98.2 at will. And, learning to affect your physiology at will, you might also learn to trigger your psi abilities at will. The same thing with the brain wave patterns and muscle tension. That's why we have to hook you up to these machines."

Blue spilled some more acetone onto a cotton ball and rubbed my forehead again.

"Does it hurt yet?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, wincing.

"Sorry," said Blue, "but that's how we know we're down to bedrock."

He placed three electrodes on my forehead: one over each eye, the last where the mythical third eye would be, above the bridge of my nose.

"These are for the EMG [the electromyograph]," said Blue, "they measure muscle activity to see whether you're relaxed or tense. How are you feeling now?"

"Tense," I said.

I felt like a rat being prepared for dissection. Or, in some ways more terrible, like a kid getting a first haircut: I submitted with the same passivity and apprehension to an experience which might turn out to be an initiation into a reality for which I wasn't sure I was ready. When, as a kid, you get your first haircut, it's not just your curls that get cut away; you're also losing a blithe savagery, an innocence of grooming. You're being civilized, socialized, acculturated. And, if paranormal abilities exist, your discovery of them, the realization that *you can use them*, would have the same profound impact. You would be losing a second innocence—which is, of course, both the terror and allure of the paranormal; which is also why everyone in the laboratory I met tended to smuggle a joke into even the blandest direction or comment. If paranormal abilities exist and if they can be controlled, our familiar reality will be entirely transformed. The barriers separating the self from all that is not-self will dissolve; and the world will become like a wet watercolor, the outlines of everything bleeding into the outlines of everything else.

Blue (like Charles Honorton, the Psi Lab's research director, who for years worked with Dr. J. B. Rhine, the patriarch of modern American psychical research, and like Montague Ullman, the lab's founder and director) feels that the parapsychological experiments that the lab has been sponsoring ever since it was first established in 1963 tend to prove the existence of psychic phenomena. And their evidence is impressive. "Evidence is impressive" is a phrase defective skeptics who want to believe, like me, use to avoid committing themselves until the phenomenon is chained in a cage or squashed between two slides and visible under a microscope.

The early experiments examined the relationship between ESP and dreams. A sender would spend a night concentrating on a target picture which had been chosen randomly. A sleeping receiver would be hooked up to an EEG machine, which betrayed every time the sleeper dreamed. (Certain brain wave patterns are associated with dream activity.) After every dream the experimenter woke the receiver and transcribed the receiver's groggy description of the dream. The descriptions, with 12 pictures, one of which was the target, would then be sent to three independent judges, who would try to match up the descriptions with the appropriate picture. In a number of studies, there were enough correspondences between the receivers' dreams and the target pictures to indicate to the experimenters that ESP, using dreams as vehicles, had been present. It's hard to make statistics dramatic, and the studies depended on beating the odds to prove their case. But, if the experimenters had been gamblers and every target hit had been a winning roulette call, they would have left the table rich.

"As far as I know," the researcher said, laughing, "we aren't funded by the CIA—if we were we'd have more money than we do"

In the early 1970s the scope of the Lab's research widened—enough so that in 1973, the Dream Lab (which today has a staff of two full-time researchers and ten volunteers and a yearly budget of about $60,000, mostly drawn from private foundations) changed its name to the Division of Parapsychology and Psychophysics, a hint that the lab's researchers thought there might be a correspondence between the kinds of intangibles parapsychologists study and the invisible world that occupies physicists. And the type of experiments carried out in the basement of the Maimonides Mental Health Center changed from experiments that tried to prove the reality of psi to those trying to define what it is which may have been proved real—like the experiment for which I was now auditioning.

Blue, having finished wiring up my forehead, was now taping temperature sensors to the thumb, middle finger and pinky of my right hand. Then he taped the wires running from the sensors to my wrist, and handed me the ends of the wires, as he had with the others, "to make sure they don't get pulled off. I'd hate to have to start all over again." The entire preparation took over an hour.

"These sensors pick up your temperature," Blue said. "Now, we're all set. Relax, take off your shoes, loosen your belt. Do you have to use the john? You'd better, the session will last another hour or so."

With coils of wire hanging from my head and drooping from my hand, I went to the bathroom. In the mirror over the sink I glanced at myself: I looked like a marionette, a Pinocchio with his umbilical cords not yet severed.

When I returned to the test room, which looked like an old meat locker with soundproof walls and a heavy vault door, I stretched out in a reclining chair, and Blue plugged me into a bank of machines. My brain waves, muscle tension and temperature would be amplified, unscrambled and reduced to numbers on a series of dials, which Blue would copy down during the progress of the experiment.

Blue slammed the heavy door shut, cutting off the music that had been playing in the background ever since I arrived—which was, either appropriately or inappropriately, depending on your bias toward the paranormal, Mike Oldfield's "Tubular Bells," the theme from *The Exorcist*.

In the other room, I later found out, one of the other experimenters (I think it was Chuck Honorton, the research director) chose from a pool of over a thousand slides, both color and black-and-white, a target picture for me to try to perceive through ESP. Each picture was made up of specific elements: humans, mythological characters, food, body parts, architectural features, nature, color, animals, activity and artifacts. And the elements were arranged so that each picture would have a distinct mix of the various categories. One picture would have a great deal of color, lots of body parts and artifacts, but virtually no architectural features, mythological characters, food, humans, activity, nature or animals. Another picture would be in black-and-white with lots of animals, nature, implied activity, mythological characters, but no body parts, artifacts, humans, food or architectural features. In each picture, the predominance of each element was graded on a scale of 0 (absent) to 10 (very strongly represented). As a result, each slide could be given a specific identity code number and could be clearly compared to whatever I claimed to have perceived through ESP. If the target was a color slide of a zoo, and I said I was picking up images of animals and cages, my description could be statistically compared to the target. In an obvious case—zoo; animals and cages—this statistical method might seem overly complex. But most hits are not quite as obvious as that. And the statistical method—

the ability to reduce the elements in both the target and my description to a combination of numerical values—prevents the experimenters from unconsciously finding correspondences where they do not exist.

The numerical signature of each slide also allows the experimenters to make sure the pictures are chosen randomly. If the experimenters merely flipped through the Lab's collection of slides and chose a target, they might unconsciously pick a picture that would be appropriate to the subject. Knowing I'm a writer, for example, they might choose a picture with a typewriter, a pen and a sheaf of paper in it; and, because of my work, I might tend to visualize those images during the experiment. Randomness guards against the danger of free association being mistaken for ESP. Since each picture has a numerical signature, the experimenters can use a random number generator—a device that throws off numbers as though it were tossing electrical dice—to pick the target.

While my target was being chosen and given to a sender, a friend of Blue's, named Debby, Blue was pasting Ping-Pong ball halves to my eyes. This procedure, known as Ganzfeld, gives the wearer the illusion of a steady, patternless light, which has an effect similar to that produced by sensory deprivation: it helps you 'imaginate.' (According to Honorton, the English language doesn't have a good word for the experience. It's like hallucinating, but, "strictly speaking, it's different. So we use 'imaginating.' ") Over my ears, Blue placed earphones, crackling with a patternless sound, which also duplicated sensory deprivation effects. Before settling back and waiting for my unconsciousness to start waving psychic semaphores, I pulled the earphones away from my ear and asked, "What's this noise I hear?"

"Oh," said Blue, "that's the sound of your brain's left hemisphere."

"The what?" I said.

"The electrodes on the left side of your head are picking up activity in the left hemisphere of your brain," he said. "The activity is transformed into sound and played back to you over the earphones."

"So every time I hear a sudden burst of noise, it means I just thought of something?" I asked.

"Sort of," said Blue.

I fit the earphones over my ears and leaned back; the crackles started to fade away.

"Hey," I said, "the noise is dying. Does that mean I'm passing out?"

"No," said Blue. "Just different stuff is happening in your head."

"What's this for, by the way?" I asked. I wasn't sure I liked the idea of eavesdropping on myself.

"It's biofeedback," he said. "So you'll come to associate whatever sound your brain makes when you have a direct hit on the target with ESP activity. Then, by learning to duplicate that sound, you might be able to learn how to get into a perfect ESP state."

I put the earphones over my ears again and relaxed. Blue had told me not to try to mentally change the sound; just to ride it as though it were an auditory surf, to let images rise from my unconscious like bubbles stirred up from the muck at the bottom of a murky lake.

My brain sounded busy that afternoon: crackling away like bacon sizzling in a skillet. No, it was more like distant machine-gun fire. Or a snapping, exploding wall of flame. Or cellophane being crinkled over the telephone. Or—yes—like the surf, like the sound of waves washing onto a beach outside the window of a seaside cabin at night.

I released my mind, as though I were letting go of a string attached to a balloon holding my consciousness, which slowly sailed up into some interior sky, getting smaller and smaller, until it was just a speck against the blank red-

I suddenly felt cold, slightly nauseated, the way you do when you see someone cut themselves badly. The evidence that I may have perceived something through telepathy disoriented me the same way a carnival ride does

dish inside-outside light of the Ganzfeld state. While I was being wired up, I had been afraid I might not see any images. But suddenly, as though projected on a screen wrapped around the inside of my forehead, were pictures: an African plain, with mountains . . . no, one triangular mountain in the background, on the horizon, and giraffes, their long necks rhythmically waving with their stride, galloping from left to right. Then their necks became cranes at a building site—I was generating visual puns. And I saw, superimposed on the cab of the crane, a crouching animal.

Images appeared and faded spontaneously. I was not imposing any script on my imagination or elaborating on the pictures I was seeing—which I tended to do in subsequent sessions. I felt calm and content as though I were sprawled, not quite asleep, but not quite awake, on a beach on a Saturday afternoon, with nothing to do for hours except lie like a lizard, sunning myself and listening to the waves.

At the end of the session, Blue read back to me his transcription of my running commentary on my images, and I chose, on the scale of 0 to 10, the frequency with which the various elements—body parts, animals, etc.—had appeared in my fantasy. Blue unplugged me from the machines. I peeled the electrodes from my forehead and raked them out of my hair.

We left the experiment room and went into the room where Debby had been concentrating on the target. Debby, Chuck and a few others had retreated to Chuck's office so they would not accidentally give us hints about which target had been chosen.

Chuck had left four slides for us to look at, one of which was the target. As they flashed on the wall, Blue and I each had to judge which was the picture I had been trying to perceive through ESP. The slides were collages, collections of usually incongruous elements, which had been put together by Chuck and various volunteers.

"While we were preparing them," Chuck had said earlier in the afternoon, "people were frantically ripping pages out of magazines, cutting characters from comic strips. We had piles of cut-outs in each category, and we pasted them together according to a computer printout, which gave us the right mix for each slide—so many body parts for one, so many architectural features for another. People were wandering about, scissors in hand, asking, 'Does anyone have any blue food? . . . Does anyone have any green animals?' "

I was still feeling groggy from my session. It was hard to pay attention to the images that appeared on the wall.

"What about this one?" Blue asked. As the carousel on the projector clicked one notch, a new slide dropped into place, and, with a whir, was focused.

"No," I said, "that doesn't look like it."

As each slide went by, I free-associated, trying to recognize any elements that looked familiar—but nothing did. Blue clicked the last slide into place. It was an African scene with a mountain in the background and a lioness crouching on a ledge in the foreground.

"That's it," I said.

I suddenly felt cold, slightly nauseated, the way you do when you see someone cut themselves badly. I hadn't expected to have any success, and the evidence that I may have perceived something through telepathy disoriented me the same way a carnival ride, like the Whip or a roller-coaster, does. Worse. It seemed as though something else, not me, had perceived the picture during the experiment.

There were enough correspondences to make the similarity between what I had visualized and what was on the slide seem hardly coincidental. Blue clicked back to the other three slides. There were virtually no correspondences between them and what I had described

The Doobie Brothers

Livin' On The Fault Line

The new album.
Produced by Ted Templeman.
On Warner Bros. records & tapes.

while in the Ganzfeld state. He returned to the African scene with the crouching lioness.

"That looks like it, all right," Blue said.

He called to Chuck and Debby, who came into the room.

"Was that it?" Blue asked them, waving at the African picture.

"Yes," said Debby.

On the drive back to Manhattan, I kept trying to find the catch that would release me from the prospect of a world without causality, a reality in which minds slop over their physical boundaries. The images which I had seen during the experiment had seemed no more than random thoughts, vagrant ideas that floated up to the surface of my imagination as I drifted into a hypnagogic state, the debris left from a shipwrecked consciousness. Those images couldn't have been somehow sparked by a slide someone was staring at in another room. There *had* to be a catch.

For the next few months, I made weekly pilgrimages to the Psi Lab to participate in the study. By the second week, my uneasiness with the possibility of ESP had been replaced by a giddy enthusiasm. I wanted to learn how to control whatever paranormal abilities might really exist. The sessions alternated—a telepathy experiment one week, a test for subliminal perception the next. The subliminal tests were carried out just like the ESP sessions, except instead of having a sender concentrating on a slide in another room, a slide would be flashed for a millisecond in front of the receiver's eyes before he leaned back in Ganzfeld and watched his interior movie screen. The results of both kinds of tests were compared to see if there is any relationship between ESP and subliminal perception.

My success in the preliminary test was not duplicated. I consistently visualized images that had nothing to do with the target pictures and chose, with great conviction, the wrong slides. The target pictures—for both the subliminal and the ESP tests—usually came in last when I ranked the slides according to which I thought most likely to be the target, which least likely.

"There seems to be a pattern," said Chuck Honorton after the sixth session, halfway through the experiment. "People tended to do poorly at first; but they seem to improve, which may indicate a learning factor."

"For everyone but me," I said. "I seem to be consistently terrible."

Chuck shrugged.

"You still have six more sessions," he said.

Perhaps my immediate response to the screening test, the fear and nausea, had left me wary of any further successes and that's why I was getting such poor results. Perhaps the first test had been a fluke, serendipity—like the time in Las Vegas, when down to my last dollar, I placed it on red and red came up eight times in a row, leaving me with a modest sum, enough to buy me dinner and a ticket home.

Target slide: Did Mike Kelly "see" this slide through telepathy?

It will be a long while before the results are all in and tabulated, another six to eight months, but I don't suppose my final score will indicate I should disconnect my telephone and communicate directly mind-to-mind—although other subjects in the experiment seem to be getting fairly encouraging results. In the meantime, while waiting to see if statistics reveal a potential that experience hid, all I can say is that I am still only a semi-believer in the paranormal: my desire to believe outstrips my ability to believe—and will continue to do so until I can prove to myself ESP exists, until I can perceive distant objects with ESP and be sure that, if it seems to be working, it's not just due to coincidence.

And that does not seem about to happen. As Chuck said to me last week, "I guess you're not ready to bend spoons yet."

At least, not with my mind.

Sneaking a glimpse through a rip in reality

One of the star subjects in the psi-subliminal experiments was Mike Kelly, a 28-year-old graduate intern in the parapsychology laboratory. He has been assisting in the Psi Lab since 1974, using his experience there for credit toward his doctorate in psychology, which he is getting through the Union for Experimental Colleges and Universities, one of the first university-without-walls programs established in the United States.

He is a quiet, self-contained young man, who gives the impression of living in a world made of mirrors, everything reflecting back, making him self-conscious and cautious. In a PK (psychokenesis) experiment, carried on at the Psi Lab in 1975, he was one of the consistently highest-scoring subjects. Each participant tried to make a random number generator produce numbers above 50 for a certain number of trials and then below 50 for an equal number of trials. Mike's results were much greater than chance; in fact, according to chance, he would have been able to score as he did only 1 out of 50,000 times.

Although he had never noticed any great psychic abilities in himself before participating in the Psi Lab's PK experiment, apparent paranormal activities existed in his family—a hint (he thinks) that psychic abilities may, like blue eyes or the ability to curl your tongue, be hereditary.

"My father almost always knows when someone in our family is in trouble or about to die," Mike said. "Often, he knows up to two weeks ahead of time. He was a fighter pilot, a very pragmatic man, who is not the sort to give in to any kind of fanciful ideas. It would have to be pretty convincing to—well, convince him. I remember one time, he sat up in bed and said M.M., his uncle, was dead—at the same time, it turned out, that M.M. ran into a bridge abutment about 50 miles away. When his mother died, he woke up from a terrible dream: someone was burning up in a fire. He called me and said, 'I thought it was you because you live in a fire trap.' I said, 'My fire trap isn't burning yet.' He gave a sigh and said, 'I'll find out soon enough.' The next day, he found out his mother had had an aneurysm in the brain about the time he had woken up. Trying to deal with that, to understand what was going on with him, got me involved in this work in the first place."

Like his father, Mike gives the impression of being a serious, not easily convinced witness to the wonders erupting into a world which, at the end of our exhausted, materialistic century, seems less and less matter and more and more mind. But his score on the psi-subliminal test cannot be casually shrugged away. It may not prove he has paranormal abilities; but, if it doesn't, it proves that he is very, very lucky. He chose correctly 4 out of 6 times in the subliminal experiments and 5 out of 6 times in the psychic experiments—about a 1 out of 50 possibility that it could have happened by chance for each part of the test.

Occasionally, even when he did not choose the target correctly after the session (when he was shown the four possible slides), there were enough correspondences in what he free-associated in the trancelike state during the experiment and what appeared on the target slide (reproduced on this page) to convince an outside observer that he could very well have perceived the target through telepathy. In one of the more dramatic examples, his free-association

YOU BE THE JUDGE: IS MIKE KELLY A PSYCHIC?

To allow you to decide for yourself whether Mike Kelly shows evidence of paranormal abilities—since any description cannot be untinged by bias—three of the six slides referred to in the text are reproduced on this page, along with the three corresponding free associations. Their order is scrambled. Try to match them up, then check the key at the bottom of this page to see whether or not you matched them correctly. This will give you an independent perception of how convincing Mike's apparent paranormal abilities are

A Practically dreaming, off and on. Seems like lots of women in my imagery. Curious patterns. A keyhole. A train going down a track, old style. Other things. Fellow in a top hat with a red nose. The actor, the alcoholic, what's his name. *My Little Chickadee*, Fields—that's right. Iron-looking cars, upside down. Water, like a riverbank, like the Harlem riverbanks, all the signs and buildings.

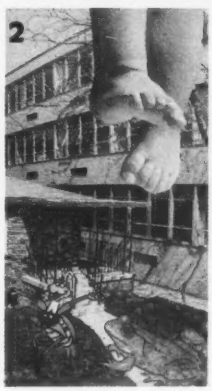
Some tumultuous images, violent. Mechanical-looking. Shapes like airplane engine pods, sort of overlaying each other. Airplanes on a carrier deck, propeller-driven. Mosquito. Oh God, as if I'm lying on a floor in a room with people looking down on me, cartoony and painterly. Like the work of that German painter who does all those ghastly caricatures, impressionistic.

Ships and a mast. Blues and reds, like the late evening, sun going down—a beautiful image. So many chaotic-type images, hard to describe them—even their shapes. A grey shirt. A sense of downward motion. Thought of a slide, the one with the superhero diving, or jumping, down on a naked woman.

B A very pretty woman, in a nightgown or something. In a well-lit apartment, offering to get me something. A child, sort of draped around someone's neck, as if holding on, seen from the back. They're wearing white. Their hair is cut short. A flash of something of a cartoony quality, sort of a Spanish quality house, adobe-ish. A hacienda house, front sort of facing away from me, toward the right.

Cone-shaped thing, like a flying mushroom. Black and white kitten with a watch in its mouth. Like a seam being split and someone saying, "the bull's already gone." A golden box. It's full of mirrors. A starfish or an eye or a lion's eyebrow.

Think I can hear my heart beating. Keep hearing a thumping sound. An old man, crawling out from under something blue. Not getting much of anything, really kind of disappointing. That damn thumping, what is it? Up the Hudson in a boat.



C A phrase, "stereotyped party atmosphere." "Something to Norfolk." Lots of imagery during "mind focus," loads of it. "Barbarella"—the word. Sort of a delicatessen, someone slicing meat—and I guess, laughing. "Gautinou." The quote, "having a good voice for it"—like in speaking. "Put you down at the bottom which gave you the dimple, rhymes with pimple." Someone riding a bicycle through the city, coasting.

Maybe sort of a basset hound or a beagle. Pointy tail, black and white—no, brown, he's on his haunches and running down toward the right bottom. "I actually don't learn about cars until I've fixed them." An image of a car squeezing around a truck on a narrow intersection. A bunch of people leaning against a van, saying we have a new field theory for that. An eraser and a big black stone. And sort of an Oriental kid. Children and a big empty room with a screen in it. Somebody high up. A long narrow row of lockers down a hallway. A tin cup . . . with a bare foot. Maybe the tin cup was for begging, but it was battered.

A bakery with cookies and a hospital person in white. "We're looking for Ganzfeld cookies." Looking up a skyscraper, very aware of the windows and terraces—had sort of a roundness to it. Feel a lot of this is day residue. "I'm telling you what Diamond City costs." A Black. During "mind focus," lots of Blacks in my imagery.

The slides and descriptions match up as follows: A-3; B-1; C-2.

described: "Something spinning around. It has a wooden handle, sort of like a spiral, or a windmill. . . . Something circular. . . . A woman coming in . . . walks in the door and walks out again . . . Something long and pointed like a long needle or a sword—pointed from left to right. . . . " The slide was a picture of what looks like a Southern belle, standing before a door, next to a spiral staircase. In the foreground is a large piece of cake with a fork on a saucer, lying left to right.

Out of the three paragraphs of free-association, there were a few other impressions: "A person with an Afro . . . Black Orpheus . . . a place called 'Braintree'. . . . " But a number of those apparently unconnected associations could be connected to the slide. Before learning which slide was the target, Mike had said that,"I associate the woman from Braintree, Massachusetts, as quite snooty, like the attitude on the face of the lady in the slide." And the Afro and Black Orpheus associations, someone else in the laboratory later pointed out, could reinforce what seemed to be the Southern belle/ Southern plantation look of the picture.

When Mike flashed the slide on the wall and re-read his free associations for that session to me, the correspondences were enough to start a snakelike shiver up my spine. Trying to resist whatever irrational fear I felt, I argued, "Couldn't you randomly match up your free association with *any* of the [1,024] targets in the target bank?"

"Well, try it," he said.

He flashed on the wall the six slides that had been used in his six psi sessions and read the six free associations from those six sessions; and, trying to make allowances for both my resistance and desire to believe in the paranormal, I still had to agree with him that there did seem to be some correspondences between the slides and their appropriate free associations. (See the box on page 49.)

If Mike can perceive distant objects through some means other than taste, sight, smell, touch and hearing—a kind of pentagon of the senses—it is unclear how extraordinary he is. For the past century, ever since modern studies of psychic phenomena were first attempted, most experiments were designed to prove the existence of the paranormal, not to focus in on any of the finer problems associated with the elusive phenomena.

Only in the last decade—really only since 1969, when the American Association for the Advancement of Science voted 165 to 30 to admit the Parapsychological Association (after a sponsoring speech by Margaret Mead)—have parapsychologists begun fine tuning their research and trying to explore what they now consider to be real abilities. The results of this new wave of experimentation—tests that owe a great deal of their designs to the interest in altered states of consciousness that developed during the explosion in drug activity in the 1960s—are still inconclusive. Years ago, Dr. J. B. Rhine suggested that 1 out of 5 people tend to have marked psychic powers; today, however, Chuck Honorton thinks that there is not enough evidence to start making book on who is and who is not psychic.

"The problem is that we test an already self-selected pool of subjects," Chuck said. "Only those who are interested and feel that they may have the abilities tend to participate in our studies, so our results may not be a reflection of the spread of paranormal abilities in the general population."

Until more experiments are completed, Chuck claims, no estimate can be accurately made as to whether psychic abilities appear more often in children or adults, men or women, people with high or low IQs, or any other selected groups. And, although (as in Mike's case) people who come from families in which psychic abilities are accepted tend to have psychic abilities, it's not clear whether that's because the abilities are inherited or whether abilities are fostered in sympathetic environments. A number of researchers entertain the possibility that everyone is born with paranormal abilities, but that most people lose them along with their baby teeth.

My brain sounded busy that afternoon: crackling away like bacon sizzling in a skillet, or cellophane being crinkled over the telephone

Part of the problem in getting research results is that there are fewer than a dozen major parapsychological laboratories in this country, staffed by perhaps the same number of full-time researchers. And, although there may be close to 125 colleges and universities now giving courses in the paranormal, the subject still retains a touch of the quirky and the romantic, which made it a pariah science for so many years. Funding could be better; and the subject—after having shaken off the ghosts and goblins that clung to it for decades—is again threatened by devils and revenants that are rising, not from the dead, but from popular novels and movies. If parapsychology is again confused with superstition, research could be thrown back to the difficult time when studying the paranormal was as suspect as dropping your psychic pants in public.

Paradoxically, one of the hopes for psychic research—and a grim hope it is—is that the government, afraid of a psychic gap between our country and the Russians, might begin funding parapsychological research—for military purposes. Robert C. Toth, Moscow correspondent for the Los Angeles *Times*, was recently detained by the Soviet police for questioning, after having accepted a paper outlining Russian parapsychological research, which the Russians claimed contained state secrets. And, according to the *New York Times*, August Stern, a former Soviet physicist who had worked on parapsychological research for three years in the late sixties in a secret laboratory in Siberia and who now is living in Paris, said there are rumors (which, however, he discounts) that a secret KGB parapsychological laboratory has discovered something "important, very dangerous."

"Conflicting stories come from Russia," said Chuck. "One minute they're sponsoring research, the next they're hostile. About 8 or 9 years ago some serious research was being done, then the researchers dropped out of sight completely. The stories went that either the work was unproductive so it was stopped or that it was suddenly very productive so it went underground. It's hard to assess the claims, except to say the Russians seem—or seemed—to be trying to find a physical thing, a kind of energy, as opposed to studying the mind-body problem, which is what American research tends to concentrate on."

Rumors that the American government, possibly the CIA, is funding psychical research also circulate through the parapsychology community—as hard to get a fix on as a ghost drifting through a laboratory. According to one parapsychological researcher, there may be as many as three dozen projects being secretly funded by the Defense Department and the United States intelligence community. However, it is virtually impossible to prove their existence, since "they are concealed under, for example, biofeedback research."

"As far as I know," Chuck said, laughing, "we aren't funded by the CIA—if we were, we'd have more money than we do."

If psychic abilities exist, if they can be learned and controlled, if the intelligence agencies of the world's governments exploit these abilities, then we are all doomed to a perfect paranoia: anyone (your friend, your colleague) could be an agent trying to read your mind; anyone (your wife, your child) could be controlled by an agent with highly developed psychic powers.

Like our far-distant ancestors, who learned spells and magical manipulations to ward off evil spirits, in trying to protect ourselves we will be driven back to the use of chants and mystical formulae, terrified of those forces we don't understand and can't control and compelled to live with our impotence and fear.●

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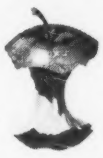

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The three-piece comedy of Steve Martin

BY KATHY LOWRY

"Do you know how many polyesters had to die to make that suit?!?"

It's a cool, drizzly evening in May, and Steve Martin is almost late. He races across a parking lot and into the whorehouse-red auditorium of the Westchester Premier Theater . . . bounds onstage shouting in his unctuous *Let's Make A Deal* voice: "Hi, I'm Steve Martin, and I'll be out in *just* a minute!" . . . Sipping from a drinking glass, Martin then nonchalantly spits the water onto the stage, as if obeying some rad-chic Emily Post dictum . . . Martin deadpans a bit about taking his lifelong idol, Jackie Kennedy, to lunch one day, after running into her "in a laundromat in Tucson, Arizona." He gushes about how proud he was to have Her on his arm—until the food came: "She was a PIG!" Martin snorts. "She even did things like slap two fried eggs on her chest and give the squirrel to the waiters!" . . .

This last bit is met with scattered applause, mainly from the few young people in the cheap seats.

Martin launches into his bit on farting, how it's a habit of his, how he tried to quit but gained a lot of weight, how they have special sections on airplanes for him . . .

Again, only tentative laughter.

Near the end of his act, Martin leaps into the audience like a faith healer, announcing his intention of massaging each and every member of the crowd to assure "you get your money's worth." He quickly kneads a few shoulders on the aisles, then hops onto an empty seat, points his finger at a man decked out in a royal-blue leisure suit, and bellows in mock revival-tent outrage: "Do you know how many polyesters had to *die* to make that suit?!?"

Steve Martin just wants to get a laugh; he doesn't much care about being profound or pricking society's conscience. He wants to be funny because he likes the satisfaction of an act well performed. He likes the financial rewards. He wants to be a star.

Martin's wanted it all for twelve frustrating years; it's only in the past several months that the laughs have started rolling in hard and heavy enough to garner him the reputation as the most promising young comedian around. People think he'll be the biggest thing since Carlin, Klein, Tomlin and Pryor. Maybe bigger. His brand of comedy is more accessible, blander—Velveeta as compared to Limburger—likewise his looks—a Beach Boy handsome face betrayed only by a thick shock of prematurely gray hair and piercing eyes.

Audiences like Martin. On one level his appeal is analogous to that of *Saturday Night* in that he flatters his audience by presupposing a certain degree of sophistication, an ability to recognize hipness even when it's inverted:

Well, I know what you're probably saying . . . You're probably saying, 'He's on drugs'. . . Well, that's not true. I don't use drugs any more and I can't stand people who do . . . Actually I do still use one drug . . . Maybe you've heard of it? It makes you small. Sometimes we'll be sitting around the house at night and someone will say, 'Hey, let's get small' . . . And that's fun . . . unless some tall people come over and you have to act tall . . . Now, I know I shouldn't get small when I'm driving, but last week I was driving along . . . [Martin grasps an imaginary steering wheel] and I decided to get small anyway . . . So, I'm driving along and this cop pulls me over. He says, 'Hey, are you small?' I said, 'No, I'm tall, honest!' And they have a test. They have this balloon, and if you can get inside it they know you're small . . . And I've already decided that after the show tonight I'm going to go out and get really small . . .

For live concerts Martin prefers to work in front of the college kids, the young urban hipsters and left-over New Lefters who account for his most fanati-

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK CHESTER/BLACK STAR

cal followers. At more conservative sites he has to weed out his racier stuff and still risk offending the Silent Double-Knit Majority. Usually it works. Less sophisticated audiences, puzzled by some of Martin's quirkier conceptual material, respond to his showbiz parodies and hyperbolic body language. Usually.

After the Westchester show Martin sits in his cluttered dressing room with his feet propped up and his shirt unbuttoned, smoking a big cigar and looking remarkably unperturbed for a man who hasn't exactly knocked 'em dead.

"God," he says in his Jack Benny drawl, " . . . that kind of silence after some of my bits hasn't happened to me in *six years*. I felt *real stupid*."

Steve Martin began toying with show business when he was a kid growing up in Garden Grove, California, a suburb of Disneyland. He spent eight years working part-time at Disneyland, mastering sleight-of-hand, learning to play the banjo, and imitating the routines of a comic named Wally Boag who did these weird balloon animals. During his college years at Long Beach State he acted in melodramas, put on five-minute funnyman skits at Knott's Berry Farm and listened to Lenny Bruce records when he should have been studying. Like most conscientious '60s college kids, he had a "loftier" goal at the time and planned to be a philosophy professor, at least until he read Wittgenstein who declared the study of philosophy "impossible." Martin dropped out of college to concentrate on a merely improbable career—showbiz—where Ethics could be transposed into his own peculiar moral spoonerisms: "Is it all right to shout 'Movie!' in a crowded firehouse?" . . .

In 1968 Martin was twenty-one and broke, living in a maid's quarters in Bel Air, taking a course or two, working nights at Mr. Ledbetter's in Westwood for $125 a week, and dating a pretty young dancer from the *Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* who was also dating Mason Williams. Williams was looking for talented young writers; the girlfriend urged Martin to submit some of his material, stuff he now says was "incredibly amateurish." Williams, who had seen Martin perform, loved the material, hired him, and suddenly Martin found himself in a dream job, making $500 a week working for the hottest show on TV—a show as hot then as *Saturday Night* is today, and even more controversial. (Looking back, Martin can hardly believe that the censors took offense at such tame stuff as a sketch about an 1890s romance between Tommy Smothers and Nancy Wilson: "Do you think our parents will object?" Wilson says. "Why?" Tommy asks. "Because I'm black." "You *are*?")

Martin put in 60-, 70-hour weeks, hassling deadlines, once rewriting an entire show in the two hours between rehearsal and airtime. "I didn't have any *idea* what I was doing there," he says. "So young and inexperienced in such a big-league job. But I was too busy repressing it all to deal with it."

Worse, unlike his writing partner, Bob Einstein, who played Officer Judy, the cop who arrested Liberace for "playing too fast," Martin didn't get to perform. The strain began to show. He woke up one morning with a blinding headache, the first of many migraines to come. Shortly after that he suffered a terrifying, heart-pounding anxiety attack and thought he was going to die. Finally, a psychiatrist prescribed Valium and he calmed down; and by the end of the year Martin, along with his fellow writers, had won himself an Emmy and had gotten booted off the air, thereby earning a bit of notoriety that put him in even greater demand. Martin went on to write for Glen Campbell, Ray Stevens and Sonny and Cher. During his stint on the *Sonny & Cher Show* he was allowed to perform, but only as a background character. With his Manson locks and mobile mind, he was still too weird-looking, too weird-acting for prime time.

"I remember," he says, "when I was writing for *Sonny & Cher*, I did a bit that I still use today. I ask a little girl in the audience in this sugary, avuncular tone how old she is. Then I say, 'I've got a nice joke for you, you see, there were these two lesbians . . .'"

Shades of Mr. Mike.

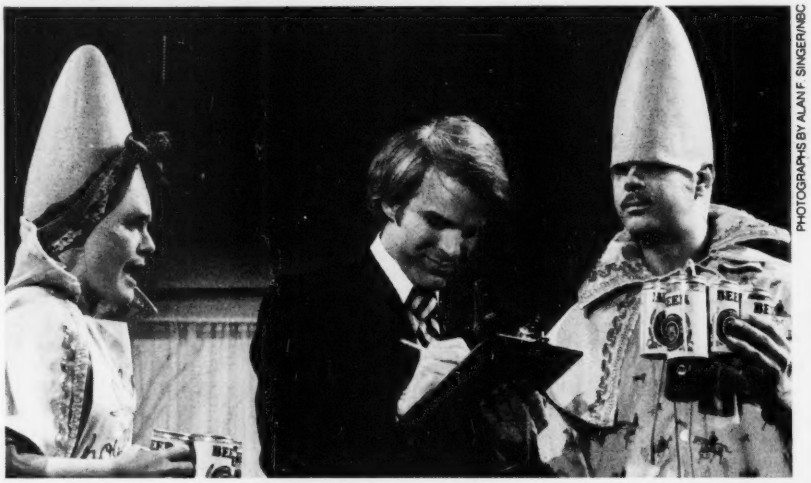
" . . . It gets a big laugh, but then some stage manager told a friend of mine, 'He'll never make it with sick stuff like that!'" Martin grins. "Soon after that I decided to stop writing for other people and perform full-time again. I was bored with writing all that formula stuff. I wanted to deal directly with the audience."

He didn't have much encouragement. His William Morris agent had one word of advice: "Don't." He was almost right. Breaking into the field as a lone stand-up comic was like trying to plow an acre with a plastic spoon. It meant months of opening for rock groups whose audiences—doped-up kids shouting for Martin to get off and the group to get it on—were "inhuman." His voice still quavers at the memory.

After that Martin began working coffee houses where the audiences were smaller but more responsive. But still there were problems.

"One time in Spokane," he recalls, "they didn't have a stage manager so I had to work the lights with a foot pedal . . ."

Other times there wasn't even a stage.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN F. SINGER/NBC

" . . . Once I had to do my act standing next to the salad bar."

It ain't easy having your concentration blown by torrents of Roquefort and thundering croutons.

The money wasn't good either.

". . . Sometimes I had to pay my own traveling expenses. Even when I didn't, I was only making two or three hundred dollars a performance. Mostly I was living off my TV residuals."

When the residuals stopped coming in Martin didn't starve, exactly, but he did have all the Hamburger Helper a stomach can stomach. There were no Dadaesque jokes in his act then, as there are now, about buying "$300 socks" or "electric dog polishers" or "fur sinks."

"I thought my luck was changing," he says, "when I got a job at the Playboy Club in Chicago making $1,500 a week . . . But the first night a busboy stole one of my white suits! . . . And the audiences were horrible." He picks up a coffee cup and rattles it in the saucer. "*That's* what it sounded like when I walked onstage, and that's what it sounded like when I was introduced, and through my whole act. They didn't even

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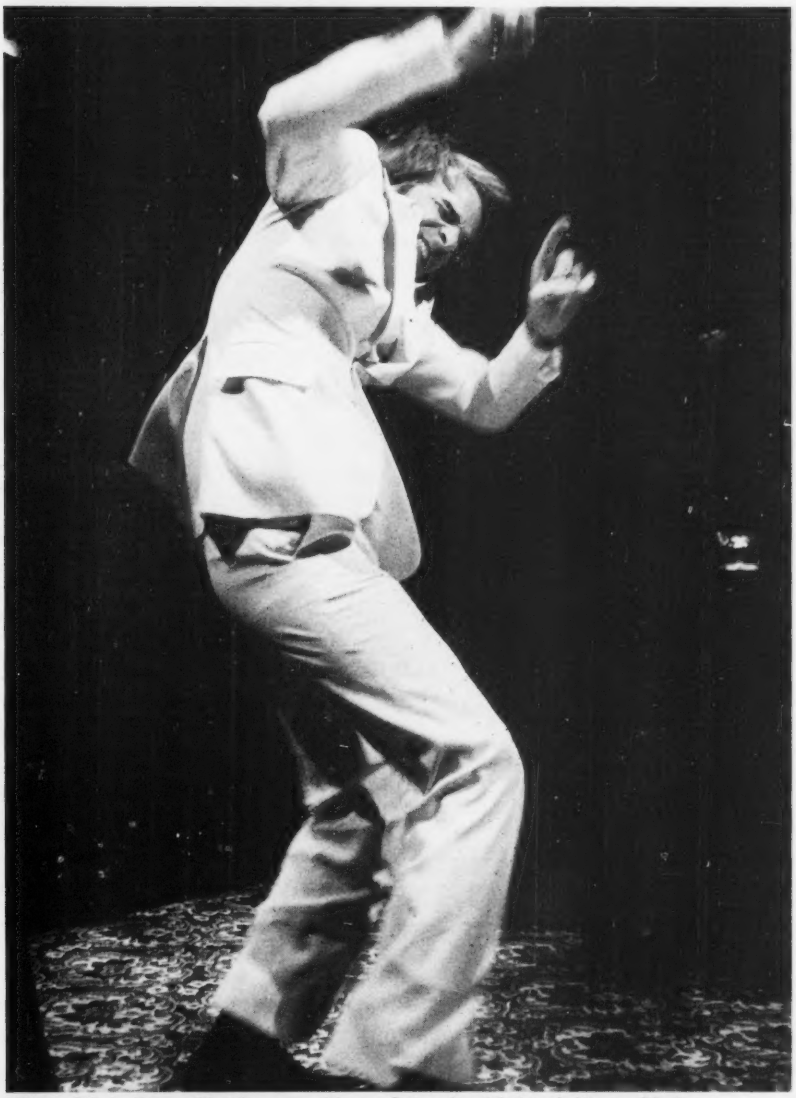
Kathy Lowry is a good ole gal whose work has appeared in Playboy, Playgirl, Sports Illustrated *and* Chic. *This is her first appearance in a magazine trucking in socially redeeming values.*



Mister Slick: Steve Martin gets silly on *Saturday Night*, visiting with the Coneheads (opposite), chatting-up Lily Tomlin (above) and blowing his cool (below) in a solo shuffle

look *up*. One night a bunch of vacationing Japanese saw the show . . . I got more laughs from them than I did from a week's worth of Americans and they couldn't even speak English!"

Four years passed. No improvement. Finally Martin decided that he had to start drawing larger crowds and start writing all of his own material, not just some of it . . . and abandon the strange outfits (the tuxes and marching band uniforms) for a well-cut three-piece suit. ("It's more effective if I *look* real straight.") If none of that worked he planned to go in for a safer form of showbiz—like getting shot from a cannon.

Martin hit his stride for the first time at the Boarding House in San Francisco, appearing right after two guest shots on the Carson show. Reviews were good; so was the word of mouth. People were imitating him, carrying off his catch phrases: "Hey, we're having some fun now" and "Welll, excuuuuse me." This lead to more TV exposure: *Dinah!*, *The Merv Griffin Show*, *The Dick Cavett Show*, *Hollywood Squares*, *The Gong Show*. More essential, guest hosting both *The Tonight Show* and *Saturday Night*. Now Home Box Office regularly airs his one-hour special, taped last year at L.A.'s Troubador. He's written and starred in Paramount's first comedy short in years and has two feature-length scripts in the works. There are three, as yet unreleased, record albums and . . . Steve Martin is currently a hot B.O. attraction in clubs under 6,000, a middleweight who's starting to sell out concert-size theaters as well. So maybe it's not so important that the shmucks in Westchester didn't fall out of their seats.

In many respects Martin is the ideal comedian for the uninhibitedly silly seventies, a physical comic with rubberized lips and gangly limbs, fond of fake bunny ears and falling down, non sequiturs instead of punch lines. By the same token, he is cerebral—self-conscious enough to satirize the *idea* of a comedian doing his act. In his Home Box Office show, for instance, Martin assumes his professional showbiz stance. He glances at his watch, then informs the audience that he'll get started in a moment, he's just waiting for the drug to take effect. Later he lapses into oddball/cornball routines: knotting balloon animals, proudly labeling the results "Puppy dog! Venereal disease! The Sistine Chapel!"; he stumbles over his mike . . . pretends to play a difficult banjo chord with his nose . . . jumps in fright at the sight of his own bunny-eared shadow . . . Then he'll parody a haughty Vegas crooner . . . a game show emcee with booming insincerity . . . He juggles, performs non-magic tricks . . . bungles some more banjo . . . and closes with a mock-humble, "thankyew - thankyew - thankyew."

The joke, as one fan pointed out,

is Steve saying the joke.

Martin seems representative of his privileged, blithely shell-shocked generation: a little apathetic. His most trenchant political comment is a one-liner about Nixon walking down the beach at San Clemente "wearing baggy shorts and carrying a metal detector."

"Fashion is the only thing anyone cares about anymore," he explains. "What's new and in style, whether it's clothes or people or lifestyles."

And indeed his humor often revolves around uptight social situations, like not knowing what to do with your hands at a cocktail party. (During this bit Martin's hands will grow as stiff and big and awkward as a pair of boxing gloves until someone hands him a drink and he is transformed into Mr. Supercouth.)

Has he read the funny cocktail party vignette in Renata Adler's book, *Speedboat*?

"Nah, I don't read many books any more, just magazines. I read *Penthouse* for the dirty letters and *Vogue* for the dirty pictures . . . "

Not a bad mix, and appropriate for a man who can veer from Ted Baxterish buffoonery (playing a guy who meets a girl for the first time and opens with "Hi, was it good for you too?" or spends the night with her and "then tries to get her drunk") to a slicker sicker version of the same guy who confides:

"I don't really approve of these guys who have one-night stands with girls all the time . . . I personally think a man should get to know and, well, maybe even be in love with a woman . . . before he USES and DEGRADES her . . ."

Turning even more serious he continues, talking about his old girlfriend who "is no longer living" and whom he misses. "I guess I'm responsible in a way," he confesses, launching into a hang-dog story about a drunken argument after which he refuses to drive her home. "So then," he shrugs, "I shot her."

The day after Martin's last performance in New York he has a lunch date with Robert Klein and Jamie Delson, screenwriter and comedy buff. Martin has exchanged the white three-piece suit he wears onstage for quietly expensive California casuals: a sweater and slacks.

"Isn't this new sweater wonderful?" he asks ingenuously.

It is. Martin looks great in his clothes—his nubbly off-white sweater, pleated khaki pants, maroon muffler, soigné felt hat—but there's no strutting, just a slow, slouchy West Coast lope. He looks like a raving hetero doing a fashion spread for *Gentleman's Quarterly*.

During the cab ride Martin mentions that he saw *Annie Hall* the night before and loved it, that he'd really like to meet Woody Allen. It could easily be arranged, someone offers, Allen has dinner at Elaine's almost every night. Martin looks tempted, then demurs: "Nah, I'd be too embarrassed . . . I mean, after he tells me he likes my work and I tell him how much I like *his* work, then what would we say?"

Klein arrives late for lunch—he's overslept, just barely awake. Quickly he tells Martin, "I've heard nothing but talk about you."

Over a strictly vegetarian lunch—corn and potato soup, cheese, salad—the two young comics sniff around each other like friendly dogs, exchanging notes on the life of a stand-up comic, trading horror stories about life on the road. Martin says the gigs he hates most are private parties. Recently he'd done a party for thirty granola-magnates in Denver after forewarning the host that he had no intention of "mixing" after his act. Did he? "Yeah, well," Martin adds, "It's pretty hard to be a party-pooper when someone has just paid $3,000 to appreciate you."

The talk turns to other comics. Klein and Martin both love Tomlin and Pryor. "A genius," Martin says, shaking his head in admiration.

"I really love Jerry Lewis, too. *The Bellhop* is a classic," Martin adds.

" . . . I'm not sure it's good for my career to appear as a *normal* person . . . "

Klein's wife, Brenda Boozer, an attractive young opera singer, joins them for dessert. She volunteers that she hates Carlin's pretentiousness. "I mean he didn't even graduate from high school and he's always showing up carrying big thick books on the theory of comedy."

Klein and Martin laugh; they think Carlin's funny regardless.

"I don't even have a comic philosopy," interjects Martin, the erstwhile philosophy student. "It's all a self-contained unity . . . just a bunch of funny things that pop out of my head."

They switch to TV talk show hosts. "I expected to hate Griffin," Martin says, pouring himself some more apple juice. "You know, he was always blowing punch lines . . . But he was so nice and cooperative . . . I really can't bitch."

The undisputed King, they both agree, is Carson, and they both owe a lot of their success to his support. "A lot of comedians don't even like to have other comics on," Martin says, "but Carson is secure enough to do it." Martin has appeared on the Carson show some thirty times but still admits, "I really don't feel too secure yet. It's hard when you get a guest you don't really like. Besides, I have trouble when the conversation lags . . . Anyway," he smiles, "I'm not sure it's good for my career to appear as a *normal* person . . ."

"I know what you mean," Klein laughs.

After lunch Martin walks downtown to visit some art galleries before flying home to Aspen. He is stopped twice by autograph hounds and politely obliges them.

"It's easy to see why entertainers get so conceited," he muses. "You get such a distorted picture of yourself. If someone recognizes you, you forget that you aren't the only thing that occupied their mind that day. It's real weird."

Martin passes a record store, glances at the new John Denver album in the window. Denver is one of his best friends. "God, he's just really truly a nice guy," he offers. "Why is it that when someone is hostile and eccentric and arrogant like Bob Dylan, the press praises them . . . but a really *good* person like Denver gets put down all the time?" He shook his head, honestly bewildered, and possibly worried that his brand of humor could put him in the same category: nice but light.

Meanwhile, Martin's future looks as rosy as a Rocky Mountain sunset. He would, of course, like to make it big in the movies, to write and star in his own films, although he has no ambitions to follow in Woody Allen's footsteps and direct. ("I don't even know what a director does.")

One of Martin's more immediate goals is to headline in Vegas. So far he has only been the opening act, most recently for Helen Reddy, a fellow solar homeowner. And he knows it would be good for his career even though he detests the place. "A performer could set himself on fire," he says, "and the audience wouldn't stop drinking to clap."

He'd also like to do a one-man show on Broadway. He was there last spring to catch Lily Tomlin's show, and suffered a momentary attack of hubris. "*I* could fill this place," he said, surveying the Biltmore Theater. " . . . Well, *once*."

No doubt he could, at least once. And yet he still has a few apprehensions about just how far a California dreamer can go. Riding through Central Park one morning, gazing out at the sun-dappled sylvan peacefulness, he mentioned a dream he had the night before. "I was in this giant auditorium," he whispered, "and I was better and funnier and looser than I'd ever been in my life . . . The place was packed, people sitting in the aisles. But there was this enormous pillar right in front of me, blocking me so the audience couldn't see me. It was horrible! I'd never been that great, and no one even knew it . . . Finally, when my act was over, this young black female singer went on . . . right on that same awful stage . . . and . . ." Martin laughed ruefully, " . . . she *killed* 'em!"●

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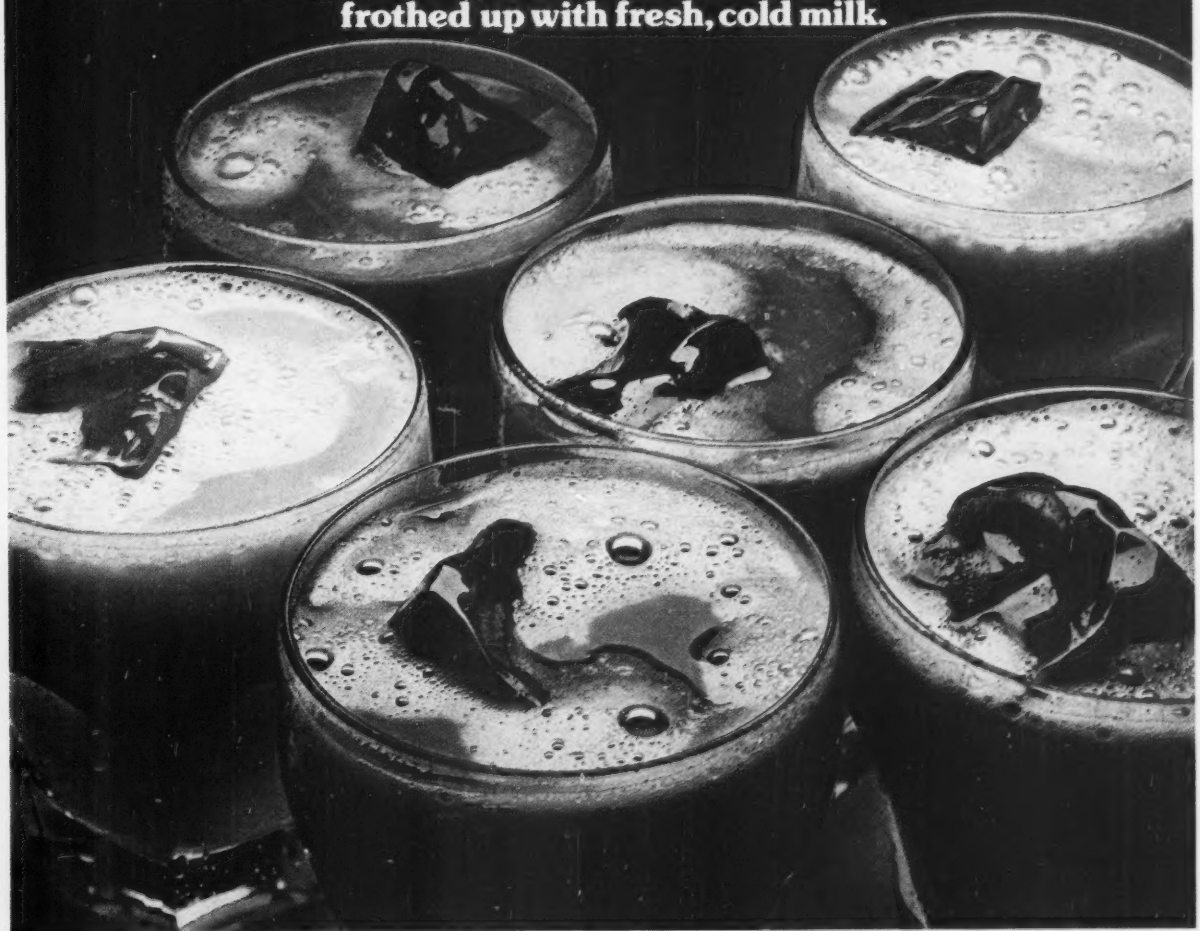

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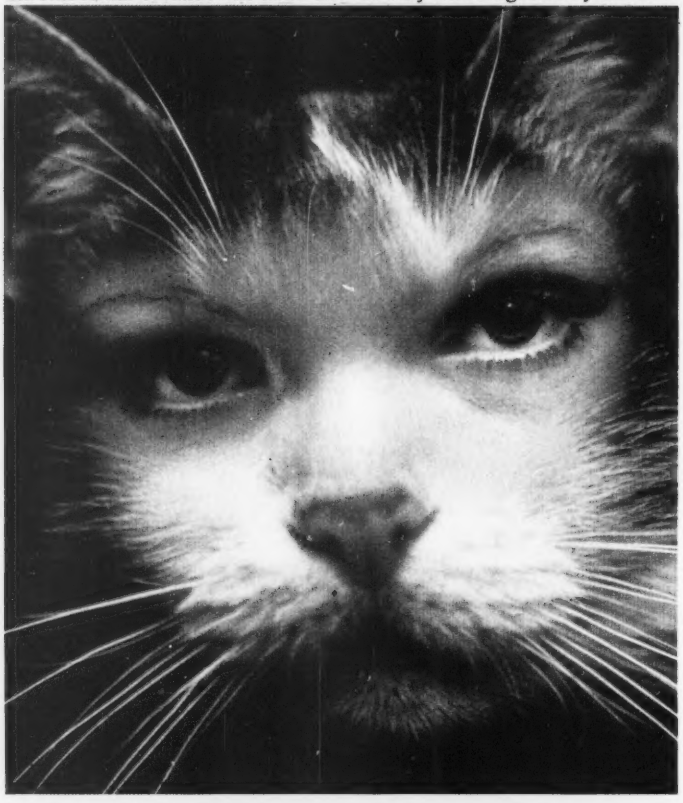
ANTHROPOMANIA

French photographer Janet Belden Beyda has taken a flyer from sociobiology, a controversial new science that attempts to close the gap in Darwinian theory and blur the distinction between human and animal once and for all. According to sociobiologists, all social behavior—from altruism and deceit to machismo and coyness—has a genetic basis that has been evolving for a millenium and is programmed to insure the survival of the DNA sequence, not the organism. Molecules don't care if they live in a high-rise humanoid or a split-level caterpillar. By the same token, "noble deeds" can be viewed as mere biological impulses having nothing to do with morality; karma boils down to a byproduct of evolution. But Beyda's hallucinatory portraits suggest possibilities these avant-garde scientists have not dared contemplate: Does LSD cause chromosomal breakdowns after all? Or only when ingested by animals?

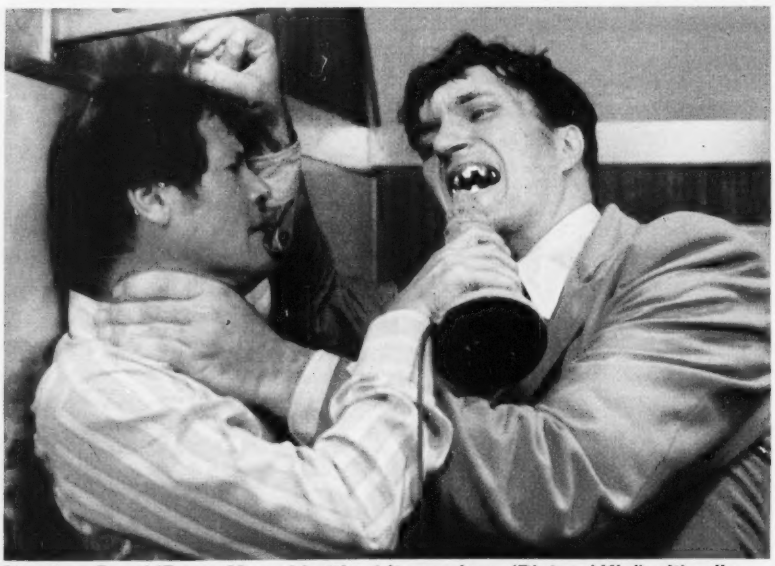


Sixties or seventies, our fantasies are bottled in Bond

It's been a long spring and a lazy summer, and our young Democratic President is having trouble convincing a truculent Democratic Congress and suspicious world leaders that he has the power to back up his moralizing rhetoric. The Mets are in last place in the National League; Cincinnati, even with Pete Rose, is 13 games off the pace. Adenoid rock like "Da Doo Ron Ron" dominates the pop charts. Irving Wallace and Leon Uris are on the best-seller lists. Johnny Carson is aw-shucksing his way through another crummy monologue. And a new James Bond movie is giving audiences an authority figure they can root for and laugh at simultaneously. This was 1963; this is 1977. And this is a column about movies, so we'll try not to mutter sage Restonisms like "plus ça change," or invent explanations for the similarity between the Jack Kennedy Dynasty (innocence?) and the Jimmy Carter Era (exhaustion?). We'll simply ask ourselves why it is that three mini-generations of moviegoers—you before Vietnam, you during Vietnam, you after Vietnam—have taken their fantasies bottled in Bond, from *Dr. No* to **The Spy Who Loved Me.**

Sociological deepthink won't help much here; there's really very little the James Bond movies Tell Us About Ourselves. But they do speak volumes on the way commercial movies have changed—and stayed the same—since the American premiere of *Dr. No* on Memorial Day, 1963. Hollywood was still slogging through its pruriently puritan Doris Day stage. Not so much as a "goddamn" had been spoken on its screen, and not so much as a nipple bared. Sex was conveyed through the suggestive innuendo, the sleazo smirk: violence was evoked by glycerin pellets. As incarnated by Sean Connery, the early James Bond was surely more sophisticated than Rock Hudson (Bond had, after all, taken a First in Oriental languages at Cambridge), and his mouth was more "cruel," his eyes more "ruthless" than Cary Grant's (he was, after all, licensed to kill by Her Majesty's Secret Service). And because he was seen from the start as a series character, Bond could play around without having to worry about marrying the girl in the last reel; he needed, after all, to be free for the next film's bouts with dastardly villains and tumbles with singular double-agents. But the first Bond movies— *Dr. No, From Russia With Love, Goldfinger*— hewed closely to the conventions of pre-*Virginia Woolf* Hollywood.

What's surprising is that *The Spy Who Loved Me*, tenth in the series produced or co-produced by Albert R. Broccoli (which doesn't include *Casino Royale*, the Bond spoof produced by Charles K. Feldman), remains faithful to those conventions long after Hollywood discarded them as antediluvian—and that audiences still get a charge out of them. Bond still combines Superman and the Hathaway Man; the jokes are still double-entendre, whether about sex ("Why don't you lie down and let me look at it?") or violence ("All those feathers and he still can't fly"); the villains are still suavely menacing madmen; the women still have sleek figures and high cheekbones, and they still wear scoop-necked gowns that promise without delivering; the mayhem is still superbly choreographed and virtually bloodless. Except for the Disney films, no series has changed so little with the times, and survived.



Shocker: Bond (Roger Moore) battles hit man Jaws (Richard Kiel) with a live wire to the latter's gleaming steel choppers

There were important changes, though, in the transition of Ian Fleming's novels to the screen. Fleming, who had served in British Naval Intelligence during the war, wrote his first Bond thriller in 1952, when godless Communism looked a good deal more threatening than it would in the go-go sixties or the going-gone seventies; SMERSH, the Soviet Union's spy organization, was the enemy in *Casino Royale*. Fleming wrote in the stolid British tradition—the *noir* poetry of Hammett, Chandler, Ross Macdonald was simply beyond him—but he had their knack of vividly and minutely describing the way men meet violent death. Fleming's Bond was a semi-realistic hero: he could fail on a mission (though not those portrayed in the novels), and could at least imagine failing with a woman. He could even fret about getting old, and confess to a pretty girl that spy work was "nothing but a complicated game, really. But then so's international politics, diplomacy—all the trappings of nationalism and the power complex that goes on between countries. Nobody will stop playing the game."

In this dialogue from *The Spy Who Loved Me*, Bond sounds tired. And by this ninth (of 12) novels, Flem-

ing was tiring also. The story is told by your standard Beautiful Searching Woman who escapes a life of dull decadence in Europe only to be menaced by a couple of sadistic gangsters from Troy, New York. Finally, on page 90 (of 143), James Bond arrives on the scene, makes love to the girl, makes war on the thugs and disappears by page 132. Hardly the stuff of international intrigue—a handy, randy State Trooper could have done as well. Fleming realized as much and, shortly before his death in 1964, insisted to the films' producers that they use the name only of *The Spy Who Loved Me*. He needn't have bothered. The Bond movies long ago gave up being faithful to anything but themselves.

Only the Peking Opera could devise a more rigid and durable formula than that of the Bond films. In the pre-credit sequence, the terrible threat is posed (in *The Spy Who Loved Me* it's the abduction of American and Russian nuclear submarines) while James Bond is far away, escaping from some fatal and largely irrelevant peril (a quartet of heavily armed Soviet spies chasing 007 down an Austrian Alp) that ends with some breathtaking bit of gadgetry or derring-do (a schuss off the inevitable cliff's-edge—20 glorious seconds of free fall toward certain death, until Bond's parachute finally opens into a Union Jack umbrella). We dissolve into the credit sequence (Maurice Binder's silhouettes of gymnastic nudes fondling their favorite part of Bond's anatomy: his huge Walther PPK) underlaid with a pop title tune sung by an established rock performer (Carly Simon sings Marvin Hamlisch).

Just about every piece of action in *The Spy Who Loved Me* has been done before in earlier Bonds: the underwater battle, the train-compartment wrestling match, the car chase, the escape from a flooded tunnel, the final three-army Armageddon. They've also, of course, been done before in scores of Saturday-matinee serials—done to death, you'd think. But somehow, this time around, they manage to look fresh and funny. I'd guess much of the credit must go to those second-unit directors in charge of filming the action sequences; their expertise and, in some cases, heroism leave "director" Lewis Gilbert little to do but make sure the actors speak their dialogue in the proper order and don't crease their costumes.

The true Teutonic mastermind in the Bond films is not traditional arch-villain Ernst Stavro Blofeld (who's ceded his place of dishonor in *Spy* to a Nordic nogoodnik, Karl Stromberg, who lives in an underwater empire called Atlantis and has webbed hands), but production designer Ken Adam. Born in Berlin, Adam worked on the Trojan Horse in Hollywood's *Helen of Troy*, and has increased the size, scope and audacity of his sets since then. (Aside from designing most of the Bonds, he's worked on *Dr. Strangelove*, *Sleuth*, *Barry Lyndon* and *The Seven Per Cent Solution*.) Tell Adam you need a modest set for the Soviet Intelligence Chief's office, and he gives you a darkly-lighted, low-ceilinged room the size of a basketball court, with a single high-backed chair throwing eerie shadows across the length of the Panavision screen. Tell him you need the docking bay of a supertanker, and he builds you the biggest set ever constructed. Adam is given millions of dollars to play with in every Bond film, and he puts all that money up on the screen. *The Spy Who Loved Me* cost $13.5 million, but it looks far more opulent than William Friedkin's $21 million *Sorcerer*. One of the things I like about this Bond film is that it gives dollar for dollar to its producers as well as to the audience—that it brings a potentially played-out fantasy figure elegantly and assuredly to life.

Trading up: Bond's new car has a new feature—it's a submarine, too

Almost. Granted that suspension of disbelief in a Bond movie means accepting the premise that the fate of the civilized world could hang on the exploits of the *British* Secret Service. Even in Fleming's day, the sun had pretty well set on the British Empire; twenty years later, an arctic midnight has set in. Then again, it might be more difficult for audiences to believe in the nobility of a CIA spy; in the Bond movies, Britain is a fairy-tale power, a nuclear Ruritania, and 007 is a lusty cavalier sent to do battle against equally myth-sized evil geniuses. Onto the imposing frames of these larger-than-larger-than-life villains, we can project our own modern bestiary: Dr. Ho, Auric Goldwater, and that Blofeld of Atomic Age diplomacy, Henry Kissinger. Just as impressive is *Spy*'s resident bone-crusher, a seven-foot sadist in a double-breasted jacket called Jaws (for his steel teeth). In his efforts to dehydrate Bond, Jaws gets buried deep in Egyptian rubble, thrown out a train window, hurtled over a cliff into a peasant's hut, thrown to a shark and drowned; but his resilience is such that, by the end, the audience was cheering more for his survival than Bond's. I hope he returns in *For Your Eyes Only*.

But who is the heroic stud-god we pit against these secret monsters—this seamless amalgam of Audie Murphy, Joe Namath and Prince Philip? Roger Moore!? He's not a role model, he's a male model, just a step above the New Neanderthals of Hollywood, John Beck and Nick Nolte. He was able to glide through the last two Bond movies (on roller castings?) because nothing was expected of him but to close his eyes when he kissed a girl and keep from dribbling the Mouton Rothschild on his bib. But in *Spy* he's supposed to fall in love with someone—and risk a crucial naval mission to save her from perdition. Moore isn't up to it, and that deprives the movie of the one thing it needs: emotional resonance. Without that warmth, *The Spy Who Loved Me* is a triumph of special-effect, assembly-line moviemaking, and that's enough to make it the one big summer thriller that accomplishes what it set out to do. But because Roger Moore never even suggests a gonadal pulse—much less a heart—beating beneath that custom-tailored suit, the movie is as tasty and nourishing as a 007 vodka martini on the rocks, and moviegoers are likely to leave the theater shaken, but not stirred.

The case against psychic rape

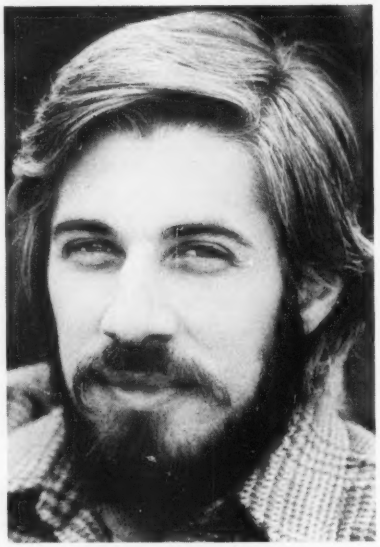
Shame, Exposure and Privacy *by Carl D. Schneider.* Beacon Press (180 pp., $9.95).

Almost a year has passed, thank God, since I have been asked: "What's your sign?" The locution itself seems finally to have succumbed to the wearing effects of mindless repetition, and now it lies, junked with "rap session" and "telling it like it is," wherever rusty language lives its second half-life in mothballs. But the reflex that provokes someone to ask a stranger for his astrological sign has not, I'm afraid, been effaced. At its most benign, the imposition of a cosmological summary upon the character of a newly met human being constitutes a denial of the person's singularity, a mindless reduction: "Oh, Scorpio, I get it, you're selfish." At its worst the intrusion constitutes simple theft of whatever a person wishes to reserve: irony, surprise, inconsistency. Not the least pleasure of life is to outfox predictability and inexorability, and so to be construed as no more than a fulfillment of an inventory of characteristics assigned to one of twelve astrological rubrics is to be ruthlessly compacted.

The late Vladimir Nabokov enjoyed many endearing prejudices, and none so attractive as his relentless contempt for psychoanalysis. The interpretation of dreams, the reading of character through the application of a limited number of principles to a limitless number of human phenomena, was to him the most brutal affront to that quirkiness—call it madness, if you please—that makes of life a serial unfolding of a complicated plot. To him (and, to confess my bias, to me), the explicator of dreams is a cutpurse.

In the liveliest chapter of Carl Schneider's scholarly dissertation on the theology and philosophy of shame, the infamous case of Sigmund Freud's exploitation of Dora is examined. Dora was an eighteen year old brought to Freud, against her will, by her father. She suffered from many painful symptoms, and as therapy proceeded it developed that her family life was monstrous, and that the people she most loved had misled and misused her. These were facts, and would seem, to me as to many commentators, to explain her misery.

Freud wished more of her, and his exploration of her interior was what Schneider reasonably calls, "the rape of the psyche." It is clear that he brutalized her, reduced her to an object of scientific inquiry, denied her the singularity of her circumstances. He wrote to a friend that the case "has opened smoothly to my collection of picklocks." In keeping with his belief that the analyst must refuse "the right of asylum" to his patients, he then published her case, against her will.



Carl Schneider: Redefining shame

Schneider's purpose in reviewing this notorious matter is to buck the currents of fashion. Since the end of World War I there has been a remorseless debasement of reticence in this country, and during the shouting sixties those few corners of privacy, till then reserved, began to fall: "Life is reduced to the public and the explicit. The central privacies of birth and death, sex and friendship, are demeaned. The attempt to admit only those aspects of our lives that can be put into public and verbal form impoverishes reality and diminishes our being. Not everything can be said in loud voices."

Schneider's just corollary is that many things should not be said at all. (His quarrel, it should be added, is not with our particular age, and his purpose is to restore to worship its imperatives of mystery and privacy.) He offers little by way of original speculation, but his book, originally cast as a doctoral dissertation at Harvard, is a deft recapitulation of the theory of what we call shame, a word which has been all but broken on the rack of competing tugs of meaning. The shame one feels when someone enters a bathroom thought to be locked is different for the intruder and for the one intruded upon. And very different than either is the shame one feels when he is discovered at prayer, or the shame one feels when he is seen to show terror. It is Schneider's purpose to distinguish between these sensations, and to restore to them a value they are believed to have lost.

Just as post-Freudian society "perceives not a drama to be enacted, but a problem to be solved," so has the "solution" of this "problem" (and I would deny precision, as well as merit, to both notions) been traduced into a promiscuous unloosening and unmasking. It is fascinating to learn, as I have from Schneider, that even such heroes of the new age as Herbert Marcuse and R.D. Laing have been repelled by indiscriminate sharing and candor. Laing has written that everyone needs an "area of experience which is private in an unqualified sense."

If love is the surrender of certain areas of previously unqualified privacy, and if these are casually bartered—to dream witches or astrologers or people who ask you on first meeting to tell them "all about" yourself—nothing of value remains to be yielded. I am resigned to having people unknown to me call me by my first name, and even to having them impose upon me a nickname, "Jeff," that I loathe. But nothing prepared me for a question I was asked recently by a student: "What's your world view?" This question was asked with impatience, and an almost conspicuous indifference. He was looking for "keywords," those diminishing entrails of language he was so confident he could read and judge me by; and I told him that my "world view" was nothing I wished to share with him, by which he deduced that I had none. And indeed, in the sense that

he meant, I have none.

I cannot, that is, make simple sense of myself. And I have no business trying to make simple sense of you. This age, with its awful noise and candor, has battered against Wittgenstein's austere admonition, "Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent," but it has not broken its unassailable truth. To have a rap session, to pretend to give and take all, is not to get to the bottom of anything. At the bottom of all things is silence. People will talk about anything—sexuality, money, ambition, despair—to anyone. But listen to the talk, buzz-buzz, and watch intense sympathy (itself as much a mask as taciturnity once was) give way to indifference. When all stories are thought to have only a half dozen possible meanings, the appetite for novel stories is inhumanly increased.

And so is the appetite for friends. The confessional mode burns up friends at a terrifying rate. Got a problem, any problem? Gather together your friends, they'll be sympathetic. For half an hour. Nietzsche (who rebelled against God because His eyes are shamelessly all-seeing) understood the character of casual understanding and easy pity: "Sympathy has a peculiar *impudence* for its companion. For wishing to help at all costs, sympathy is in no perplexity either as to the means of assistance or as to the nature and cause of the disease, and goes on courageously administering all its quick medicines to restore the health and reputation of the patient."

If all events are perceived as quotidian, casual itches to be casually scratched, how can we distinguish between someone we love and a vital piece of meat, much like every other vital piece of meat? The tyranny of exposure, as of reduction, is debasing. I know of a couple of liberated parents who oblige their adolescent daughter to swim naked, and as there is no refuge for her from them, so is there no refuge for people (who do not wish to swim naked) from her. It is curious that many of the same people properly offended by the reduction of women to objects of someone else's delectation or disposable use are people most determined to deface the delicate scrim one person erects to screen himself/herself, from another. (I am thinking of, for one, thoroughly modern Kate Millett.)

But sex has no monopoly where reductive candor and the public's putative "right to know" are concerned. My career as a police reporter ended one night in a suburban hospital when three teenaged children were brought in dead from an automobile accident. They had stolen their father's car and driven it into a stone wall. The newspaper for which I worked wished me to ask their parents, who had no other children, whether the driver and the passengers were wearing seat belts. The parents had learned less than five minutes before what had become of their family, and I would not ask them that question, or any other question, and I told this to my newspaper. Telling my newspaper this I was also mindful that the question had a remedial purpose. The night city editor did not wish to titillate but to instruct, to encourage the use of seat belts: "Our society perceives not a drama to be enacted, but a problem to be solved." Oh yes.

The impulse to break down the barriers between people, to treat them as though they are indeed "created equal" and are interchangeable pieces of a social puzzle, is the awful fruit of good will.

Even death has yielded its mystery. Nine years ago I wrote a work of fiction in which I wished to explore the deepest violation of privacy I could imagine. In this novel about a voyeur I chose to have him make a movie of his dying father. I felt the notion was shocking (and wished it to be); it certainly shocked me, and struck me as the ultimate intrusion, the use of one person to satisfy the curiosity and appetite for novelty of another, and by extension that others' audience. Seven years later I saw such a movie. It was well done, entirely sympathetic. Sympathetic, as Nietzsche meant the term. I could not see those people condemned to death, could only imagine the cameras and lights, the recording devices, the final edit for an "honest" aesthetic and social experience that the community might use. To us, at our best, the dying were partial representations of ourselves, and to that extent alone "interesting" and "useful." What, God help us, were we to the dying?

Schneider uses a wonderful conceit to characterize humankind's relationship (and how *that* word has been exhausted!) with God. A child plays hide-and-seek, finds the undiscoverable place, exults in a triumph of security. "But then, as minutes pass, that initial excitement gives way to feelings of anxiety and abandonment." I'm not certain it always will. For as the brutal, indifferent seeking continues, as crowds assault the sanctuary of privileged corners—challenging every person to tell all bare all give all share all take all rap fuck and confess together, be the whole world's brother and sister—as the seekers swamp the hiders, solitude feels better all the time. To shoot the door bolts, pull up the ladder, tunnel under the covers: against such indiscriminate seeking as this, now, hiding loses its neurotic cast and comes to seem plain sense.

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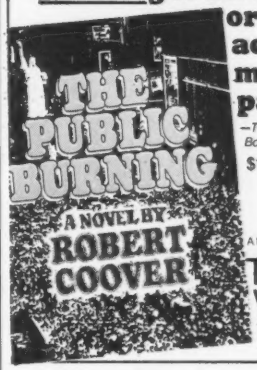

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Music/By Penelope Ross

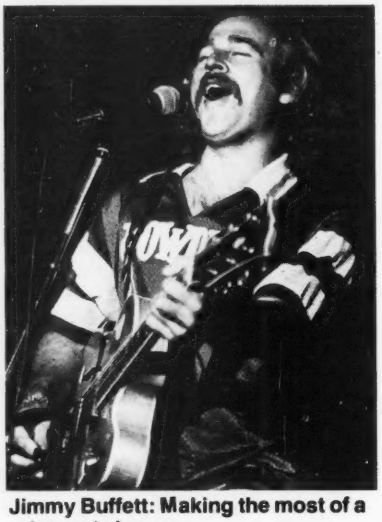
Jimmy Buffett isn't wastin' away any more

Jimmy Buffett smiles a lot. It is his most memorable physical characteristic, in person and in photographs, onstage and off. For several reasons, smiles—and a lot of laughs—were especially in evidence on a recent trip to New York. He was doing the last concert of a four-and-a-half month tour in a city he enjoys visiting; he was about to go home to Key West, Florida, and his 33-foot sailboat, *Euphoria*; and to complete his pleasure, he had his first real hit single, "Margaritaville," and his first gold album, *Changes in Latitudes, Changes in Attitudes*. Unlike many of his fellow musicians, who seem to get depressed and unnerved in direct proportion to commercial success, Buffett saw his new recognition as yet another delight in a life which he glowingly described in a 1975 liner note: "In all, I am happy with what I am doing, where I am living and who I am loving."

His infectious good humor is one of the things that mark him as a rarity in contemporary music. The other is that his songs are frequently funny, rowdy and ribald. Buffett makes the most of it, perpetuating in songs and concerts an image as a roisterer whose main activities are drinking, bumming around in the sunshine, sailing and sometimes getting laid. The titles of his songs reflect this: "God's Own Drunk," a talking blues based on a Lord Buckley monologue, the unrecorded "Why Don't You Take Your 15 Year Old Drunken Girl Friend Home" and the world's most graphically titled love song, "Why Don't We Get Drunk and Screw." His boisterous humor has found other tempting targets in television game shows ("My Whole World Lies Waiting Behind Door Number 3"), trailer parks ("Migration"), nostalgia ("Pencil Thin Moustache") and gospel ("My Head Hurts, My Feet Stink and I Don't Love Jesus"). The facade has been so beautifully constructed that some of his hard-core fans believe that Buffett only occasionally manages to stray from barstool or hammock to play a club here and there or make an occasional record.

Hardly. The truth is that Jimmy Buffett has been working consistently for nearly a decade, starting when he was in college. In that time, he has recorded seven albums of his songs (although he prefers to say five, ignoring a badly produced out-of-print debut and an unauthorized soundtrack LP of his score for *Rancho Deluxe*) and done a staggering amount of touring, sometimes logging as much as 240 days on the road in one year, mostly in the Sun Belt and western states with occasional trips to the Northeast. He even had one other almost-hit a couple of years ago with "Come Monday," a soft romantic ballad.

The only odd thing about his current success is that it has taken so long; it is now predicated on a song that



Jimmy Buffett: Making the most of a roisterer's image

is pure mainstream Buffett, with its uptempo melody and emphasis on alcohol and sunshine as a cure for a broken heart. Buffett himself is somewhat at a loss to explain why this particular number was the breakthrough. "It was just a combination of things that happened at the right time," he says. "The record company finally got behind the album and did a really good job. The fact that I switched recording to Miami with Norbert Putnam producing. And me working for so long and building a following. A lot of people can share the credit for the success of this album and they're more than welcome to it."

Success has inevitably wrought some changes in Buffett's professional life, but he is trying to keep them positive and to a minimum. In the wake of a hit record, he's noticing that part of his audience is now teenagers, where before "my constituency was the war-baby generation, 25-35. We have a broader base now. I love to look out and see people singing along. The fact that they're younger doesn't bother me. It's an alternative to other kinds of rock."

The new audiences may be coming to hear more in the vein of "Margaritaville" but what they get is a collection of songs that are readily identifiable and distinctive, but not easily classifiable. Buffett has created a unique genre that chronicles the events and emotions of a group of characters that hang around mostly in the Florida Keys and Caribbean islands. His music borders on country (outlaw and otherwise) on one side, and southern boogie on the other. But it is neither of these, partly because his songs are "90 percent true and based on firsthand observations of people I've met, places I've been and certain things I've read," and partly because no matter how reckless the humor, there is nothing unkind. No matter how serious his tone, even the most thoughtful ballad avoids bathos and pretentious moralizing. In spite of his offer that "if you don't like the lyrics, fill in your own," few can match the intelligent craftsmanship that is evident in his writing.

To Buffett, success on this scale is OK, and that's as far as it goes. He enjoys the occasional special gratification, such as his recent trip to the White House to do an afternoon concert for Jimmy Carter. But Buffett says he doesn't want overpowering fame. "I don't want to be on the cover of *People* magazine or have my own weekly TV series. The road's a hard grind occasionally, but the rewards can be immense if you work at it. Sometimes the only thing that keeps me sane on the road is to put it in perspective, and I think it's not that bad considering what other people have to do to make a living. Of course, sometimes I think I'm going out of my mind and I'll call Jane [the "Miss Jane" to whom he's dedicated his albums] for reassurance. And she'll say, 'Listen, you're not as crazy as half the people I know. You're doing fine.' I wouldn't do anything else."

Records

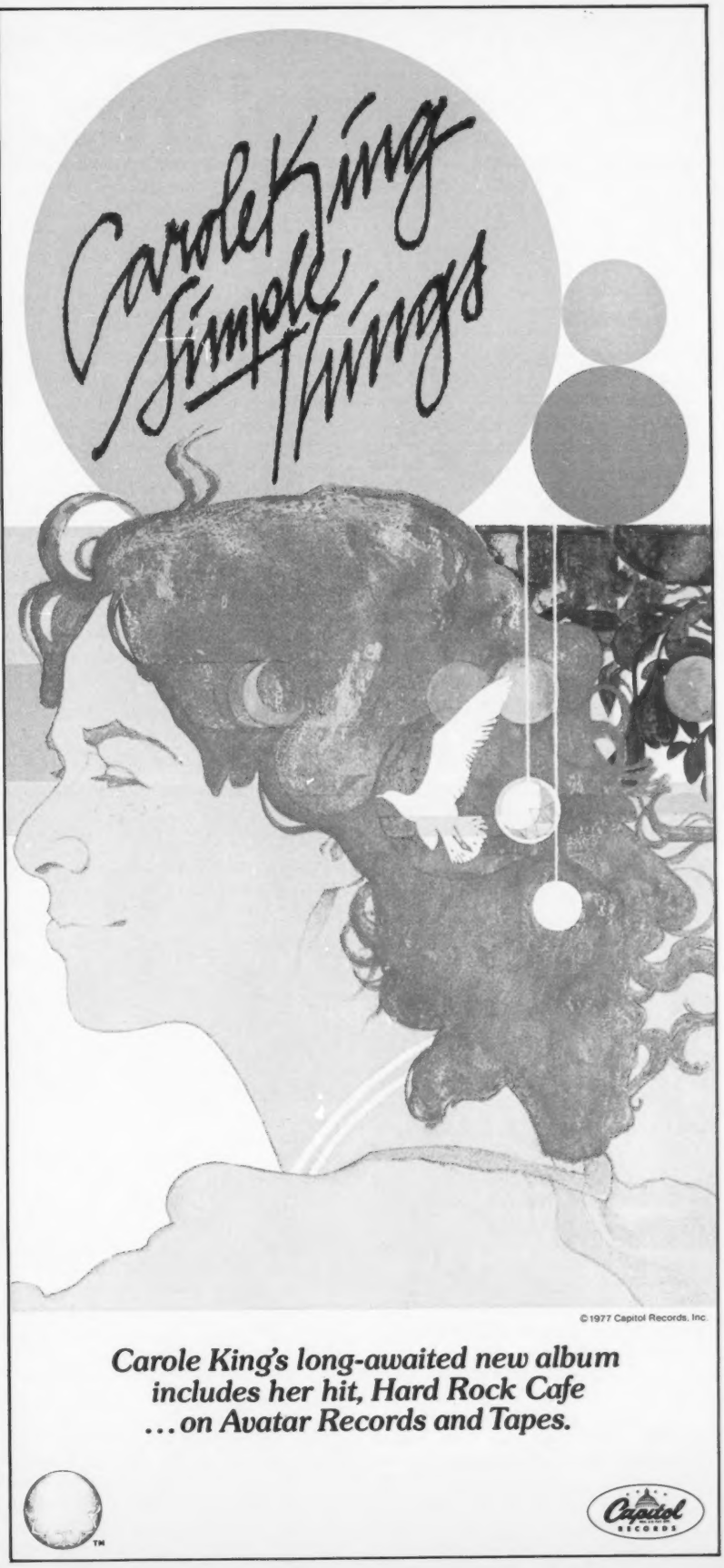
By Jim Miller

★★★★ **Rock 'n' Roll with the Modern Lovers** (Beserkley). In "Flyin' Saucers Rock 'n' Roll," a flop from 1957, rockabilly singer Billy Lee Riley celebrates the hipness of some "little green" invaders: "I couldn't understand a thing they said/But that crazy beat, it just stopped me dead." If hound dogs and blue suede shoes were fair game, why not Martians teaching southern boys the bop? Judging from his marvelous new album with the Modern Lovers, that's the kind of question that Jonathan Richman wonders about.

Framed by Chinese and South American folk songs, and recorded with a tinny trio of acoustic guitar, bass and what might as well be a suitcase, this album sounds like a primordial happy accident: as if the creature from the black lagoon had arisen to donate jelly beans for the onlookers. Richman's original Modern Lovers was a punk-rock band in the mold of Velvet Underground; but in this summer of punk rock, Richman has junked fuzz drone and restored rock as childlike Ur-chant, an effect reinforced by a vocal accompaniment full of gentle "bop-she-bops." Some Richman fans find his new stuff insufferably cute; and with titles like "Ice Cream Man" and "Dodge Veg-O-Matic," it's hard to argue.

But this celebration of rock 'n' roll is as much about insanity as cuteness. Like *The Beach Boys Love You, Rock 'n' Roll* is an album in search of an impossible innocence. The tension animates such masterpieces as "Rockin' Rockin' Leprechauns," when Jonathan breaks into a passionate but almost desperate evocation of rockabilly archetypes. There is pathos in this music, and a profound sense of what rock 'n' roll can never be again, except as a mad fantasy—which, for people like Billy Lee Riley, is all it ever was.

★★★ **The Rubinoos** (Beserkley); ★★ **Greg Kihn Again** (Beserkley). While Beserkley's other acts lack the bite of Richman, they work the rock tradition with neoclassical restraint. Greg Kihn's Buddy Holly/Dylan fusion entertains occasionally, but the Rubinoos manage to make their mimetic choice of Tommy James and the Shondells compelling consistently. Besides a great remake of "I Think We're Alone Now," they offer an apt retort to punk fundamentalists: "Rock and roll is dead and we don't care."



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Carole King's long-awaited new album includes her hit, Hard Rock Cafe ...on Avatar Records and Tapes.

Capitol Records

Elvis Presley's deep-fried demise /By Lucian K. Truscott IV

Final Tribute

In June of 1972, rock & roll legend Elvis Presley gave what was billed as his "first press conference in ten years." (Everything in Elvis Presley's life was "billed.") Everyone from the rock press gathered in a ballroom of the New York Hilton hotel. They were joined by more than one hundred reporters and photographers and TV crews. This was, after all, the first chance the media had had to talk to rock and roll's most reclusive star, in person. It was an event.

"Colonel" Tom Parker, who for 15 years had managed Presley's career, appeared on stage. He cautioned the press to behave, instructed photographers where to stand, made sure television lights were in position and turned on. He stepped off stage. The assembled press waited expectantly. Nothing happened. Then "Colonel" Tom Parker lifted his left hand in a signal.

From stage left, a paunchy Elvis Presley bounded into view. He was attired in a baby-blue sequined jumpsuit with a big high-roll collar and a Little-Richard-style cape. There was a tiny gasp as he took a familiar position on stage: legs spread wide, one hand on his hip, the other grasping the neck of the mike. He smiled the distinctive crooked grin which for so many years had filled the fantasies of girls and boys alike. His face was heavily powdered, his cheeks rouged, and his lips glistened with a pinkish gloss. Elvis Presley looked like supermarket beef—bright, permanently preserved boyishness.

He plugged his upcoming tour relentlessly, answering questions from a self-consciously intelligent press. Finally, Lillian Roxon, who had chronicled Presley in her famous book, *Rock Encyclopedia*, asked the inevitable.

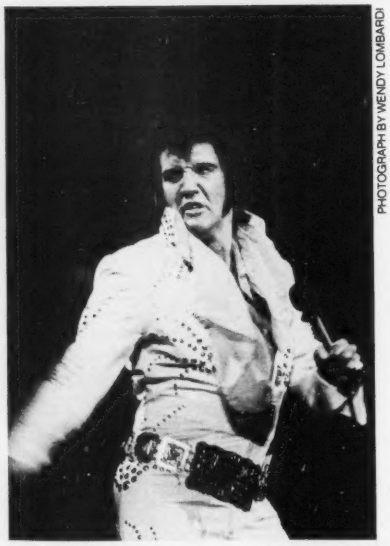
"Elvis," she yelled, waving her pudgy hand. "Elvis, what's your favorite color?"

"Blue," he replied, "all my costumes will be blue on this tour."

"Colonel" Tom Parker took occasion to call a halt to the press conference. Fifteen minutes had passed. He raised his left hand. Presley's eyes swiveled sharply in the direction of the "Colonel."

"Gotta go," he said without hesitating. "Been real nice." He jogged off stage, the cape billowing behind him.

The press conference signaled a turn in Presley's career, which until a television special in 1969 had relied largely on his Elvis-movies for sustenance. His manager, the "Colonel," knew he was fading. He put Presley on a strict regimen of recording and touring, interrupted only by three-month stints in Las Vegas. In 1973, Elvis was divorced from his wife Priscilla. The divorce seemed to have a traumatic effect on the star. Spotty press reports had Presley in and out of hospitals, holed up in his Memphis mansion alone for days, dejected—or elated—by new romances. The only time he seemed completely together was when he was working, under the firm hand of "Colonel" Parker. Recently, even the "Colonel" seemed to have lost his grip on his star. Elvis Presley, who reportedly did not smoke or drink, ate. Several weeks ago, a national tabloid reported his diet



PHOTOGRAPH BY WENDY LOMBARDI

to be deep fat-fried peanut butter and banana sandwiches.

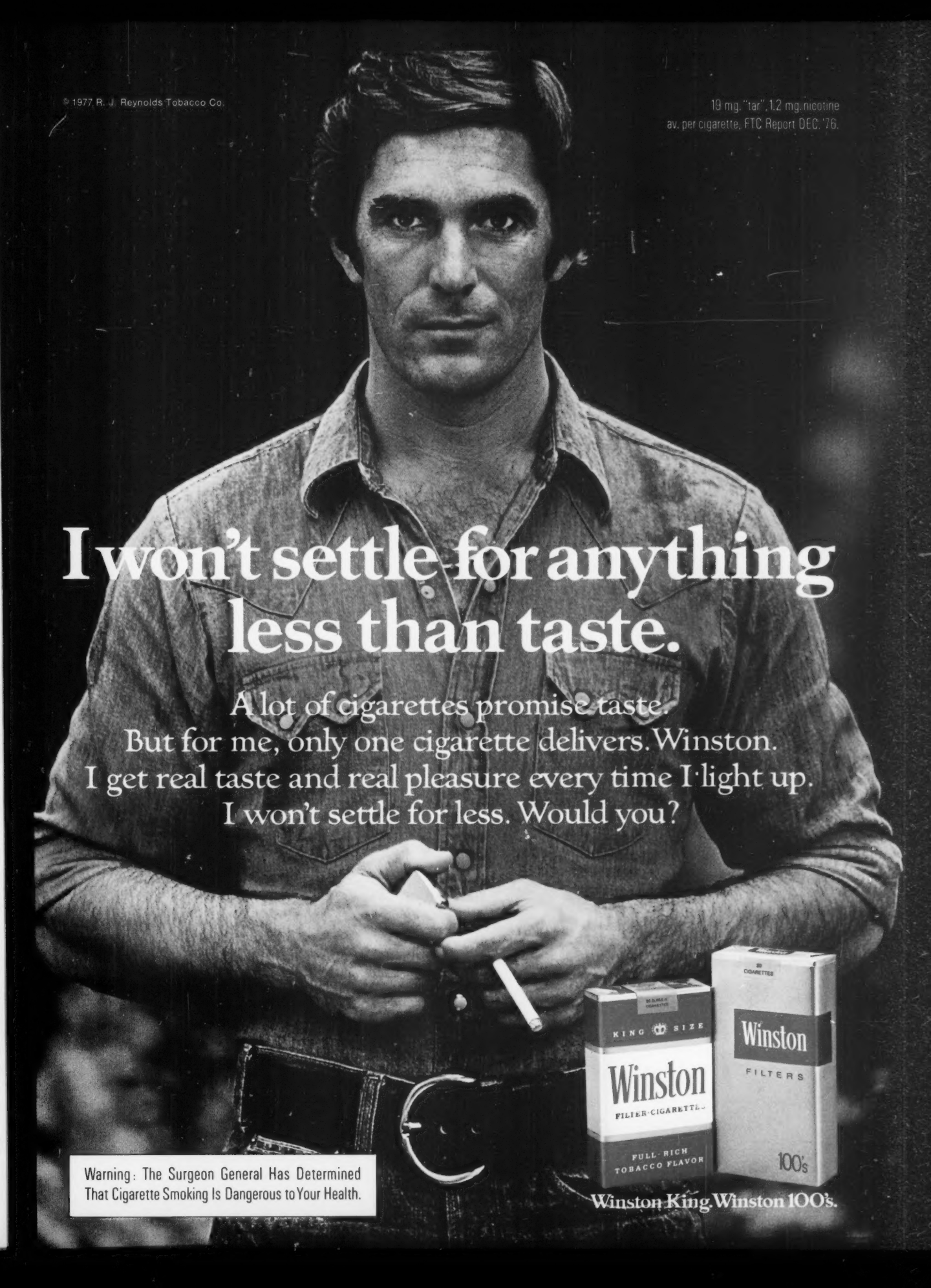
Presley's decline was as wholly American as his music. He got fat. Recent photos reveal him as a kind of rock Sinatra in Liberace drag—an ideal mutation of his former self. In 1956, the year his music came to national prominence with seven gold records, Elvis Presley was the guy who wore purple pants and black sport coats with flecks of gold in the fabric, turquoise shirts with the collar turned up and two-tone loafers—an elegant hybrid of nigger and neck. So was his music. He sang songs like "Houndog," which had been first recorded by "Big Mama" Thornton (probably most famous as the black woman at the piano in an untitled photograph taken with young Bob Dylan), in a firewater mix of hillbilly and blues. He first recorded at Sun Studios in Memphis, Tennessee, and those sessions will remain legendary if only because they introduced names like Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup to the language. Presley cleaned up music that had thus far been consigned to road houses and back porches and sang his songs in a new way for a new time.

Elvis Presley made lower class Americana sexy. His music, rock & roll, bumped and screeched and jerked and blasted its way through the plastic years of the late 1950s, at ear-splitting volume with arrogance and hidden sophistication. Contrary to currently popular interpretations of Presley's role in American musical history, young people did not identify with Presley and his music because he represented their dreams and aspirations. They identified, adopted him, and adopted rock & roll precisely because it did not. Rock & roll was as foreign to the American middle class as were its components: black, country, blues, white-trash poor, the South. We were entering a mechanical age. Rock & roll would serve it with distinction. The music bore no resemblance to the rhythms and motion of modern American life. Elvis Presley helped keep alive everything that modern America had left behind. His music came from the middle of the country, from rural America. It was the guttural music of people long deprived of even the slightest privilege; it was a music of small pleasures.

Its two-four rhythms, three-chord changes and raunchy imagery would appear and reappear in music written and played by men made wealthy copying Elvis Presley: Rick Nelson; Pat Boone; Paul Anka; finally even the Beatles.

Over the years, the base of Presley's music was forced to broaden in the way of all corporate American growth, until finally he found his audience in Vegas. The boy from Tupelo, Mississippi, played the ultimate shopping mall. In time Elvis would desert rock & roll and become even more homogenized than his imitators. He began to look like a pro wrestler, striding into the ring in his Superman belt, ready to take on Gorilla Monsoon—a human exclamation point.

At the end Elvis Presley was tragically perfect: one more fat white man playing make-believe with music that screamed *remember*. He couldn't. He was too old. He was 42.●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